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APRIL 8, 1931

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"The Truth About Women" according to *PHILIP PAGE*

the BYSTANDER

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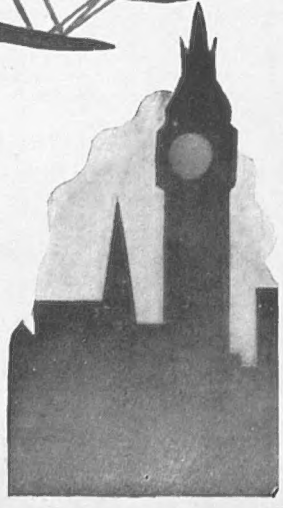

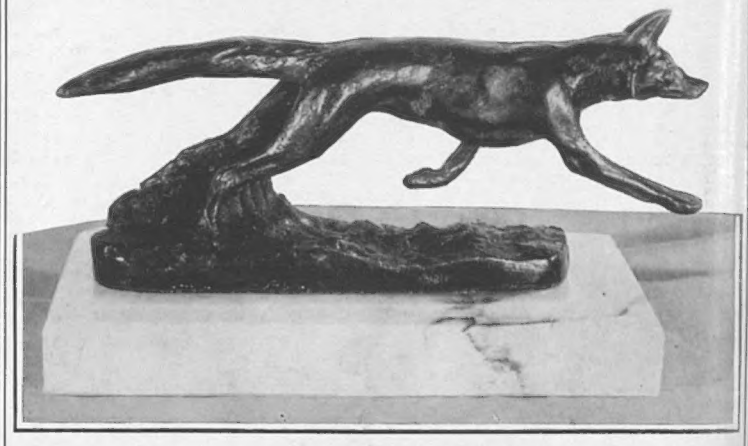

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The Bystander, April 8, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1425. Vol. CX

THE HON. MRS. LUCIUS CARY

With her two little daughters, Elizabeth Ann and Jean, who will be bridesmaids at the wedding of their aunt, the Hon. Sheila Cary, to-day (April 8). Her husband, the Master of Falkland, is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Falkland

Photographs *Central News*

ROYALTY AT HOME TO THE PYTCHLEY

The Pytchley recently met at Thornby Grange, the Northamptonshire shooting-box of the Duke and Duchess of York, a large field turning out for the event. The upper photograph shows hunt servants being served with a stirrup-cup before hounds moved off, and in the lower picture the Duke and Duchess are seen chatting with one of their visitors

the passing hour

Princess Bibesco seen at Heston Park christening the Ford 5-AT Pullman 'plane in which her husband, who is President of the Federation Aeronautica Internationale, is making an extensive air tour of many of the leading aerodromes of the world which will total 30,000 kilometres, and extends as far as Bangkok. Prince Bibesco is seen standing bareheaded on the right of the group

Central News

The Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu putting the final touches to her flying kit before she and Mr. Rupert Belville left Heston for an aerial tour of Russia and Persia. She is the widow of the late Mr. E. S. Edwin Montagu, a former Secretary of State for India

IN a very short time now the Court will return from Windsor; the Princes will return from South America; it will be Private View day at the Royal Academy; and people will be having to write in for their Royal Enclosure tickets. The Court lists have long ago been completed, and everything points to one of the gayest seasons for some time, with fewer charity balls and more private dances to while the evenings away.

THE Queen's recent visit to Dorchester House was only arranged at a day's notice, with the result that Sir Francis Towle had to hurry all the way back from Aintree to take his Royal visitor over the new hotel. The Queen, I hear, took the deepest interest in everything she saw, and said with satisfaction that even the Americans would have to look to their laurels where speedy building was concerned. She had a cup of tea, served for her by Charles himself in the still unfinished restaurant.

SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S devotion to Hollywood and Hollywood's film stars rivals even that of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten. Not content with acting as fairy godfather to Charlie Chaplin, Sir Philip annexed the beautiful Marlene Dietrich on the only night she was in London—waiting at the Carlton Hotel, where she was staying, until she returned from her party at the Carlton Theatre, and taking her on to Sovrani's to hear the new Russian singer imported from the Continent.

DESPITE this, I managed to meet La Dietrich for a few minutes when undisturbed either by film critics or film fans, and there is no

NEXT WEEK'S BYSTANDER will be a
SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER
containing many features of outstanding interest.
THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE
writes on "Round the World by 'Bluebird.'"
COL. THE MASTER OF SEMPILL
discusses the new sport of Gliding.
CAPT. C. E. WARD
THE BYSTANDER Aviation Correspondent, surveys the season's prospects
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PICTORIAL POINTS FROM TWO POINT-TO-POINTS

doubt about it, she is a very lovely woman. Critics may say that her eyebrows are too plucked, and that to wear violet gloves to match her violet nosegay was rather overdoing the colour scheme even when off-set by a white fox fur. Nevertheless, she is very fair to look upon, and she has the additional advantage of possessing a voice that is really melodious.

MISS DIETRICH, I gathered, was a little put out by the lack of laughter in the audience at the first night performance of "Morocco," and yet there is very little to laugh at. Miss Dietrich also confessed that she thought the rather banal ending most effective. However, her looks and her figure of the rather Junoesque type, which I am told is going to be the fashion in future, were the reverse of disappointing. No wonder people like to lionise her.

Wide World

Capt. d'Aubez takes a nasty toss at the last fence during the Open Nomination Race at the Taunton Vale Point-to-Point, held at Ilminster, Somerset. On the right is seen Viscount Portman, M.F.H., the Joint-Master of the Taunton Vale, at the meeting

"LUNCHEON IS SERVED" *Alfieri*

Lady Amy Biddulph and her sisters, Lady Karen Pretyman and Lady Rosemary Agar, alfrescoing it at the Hampshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Norton Farm, near Alton. Fine weather and a large attendance made the "H.H." meeting a real success

IF it is not too late to refer to the Grand National, one must certainly record the presence at the ring, just before the race was run, of Lord Derby's two granddaughters, Ruth Primrose and Priscilla Bullock. Lord Derby, just back from the South of France, was there also, and, like Mr. Winston Churchill, was to be seen talking to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Other "well knowns" were Lady Camden, Sir Richard Sykes, Lady Fiona Pratt, Lady Grimthorpe, and Lady Zia Wernher.

ALREADY people are talking about the Irish Sweep on the Derby. Only one of my acquaintances knew anyone who drew a horse in the Grand National affair. This was Mr.

EASTER REVELRY AT LE TOUQUET

Topical

Mr. C. Johnson on Tipperary leading the field to win the Heavyweight Race at the Tetcott Hunt Point-to-Point, held at Affaland Moor, near Holsworthy, in Devon. On the left is Mr. W. Rogers on Peggy, who was third

James Rutland, who married Lord Ashfield's daughter. "I am so glad for his sake," he said, referring to the ticket-holder. "He was absolutely down on his luck, and this will make a big difference to him." I myself have met Mrs. Jack Hylton, who won a consolation prize. But almost more lucky than she was a member of the Cavendish family who had a £2 double on Knight Error and Grakle, which brought him no less than £440.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Money talks! Follow the system that proved so successful last season. I know the horses that have been heavily backed in the market, and if they fail at the first attempt I support them each way until they win. Here are my first half-dozen:—

POTCHIM will benefit from his experience at Lincoln. Was heavily backed to win over mile and a quarter and only failed by three-quarters of a length.

HOIKA RA, an attractive youngster that cannot fail to catch the judge's eye soon, was very game but found an opponent just too good for him. Was confidently supported to win the Brocklesby Stakes (five furlongs) at Lincoln.

AIRMAN was the medium for heavy market transactions, win and place, for the Lincolnshire Handicap. With a shade better luck the Scottish invader would have gained place honours. Looks and moves well and will repay his followers.

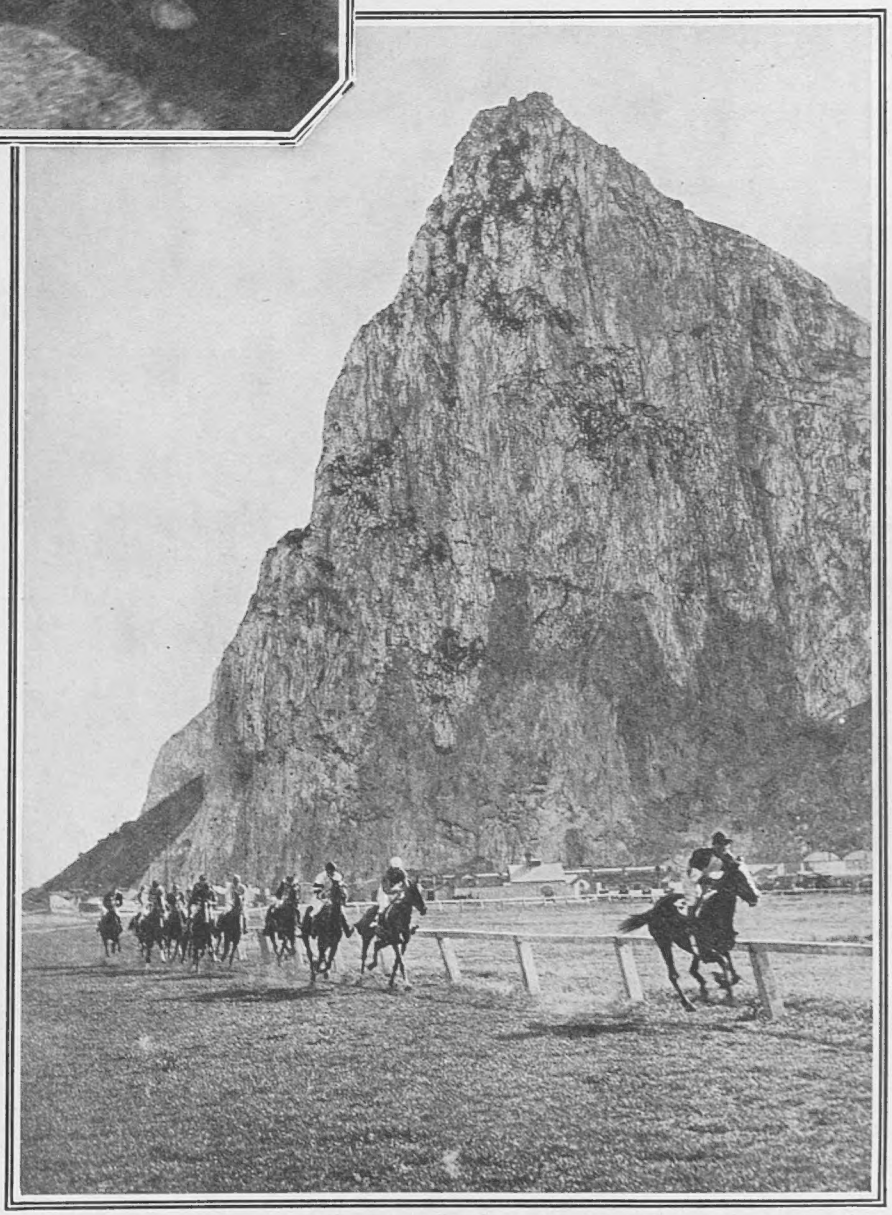
STEFANELLA COLT will improve on his Aintree running and regain losses sustained. Was handicapped by a slow beginning.

MOON WOOD beat a field of twenty-three over five furlongs at Lincoln. Professionals speculated with confidence. Youngster scored decisively, and may easily register a sequence of early season victories.

HAPPINESS FILLY, backed each way at Lincoln, shied at the tapes and never really got a race. An attractive filly and should be followed.

LIKE the Grand National, Easter has come and gone. As I suspected, Le Touquet was the gayest place in Europe. What with the Casino and the new golf course, people were playing so hard all day and all night that most of those who have returned look as though they were completely, if enjoyably, exhausted. General Critchley, one of the chief Le Touquet-ites, can look forward to a most arduous six weeks of golf, culminating in the Close Championship and the Amateur Championship. His pretty wife was one of the many who chose a ski-ing holiday at Scheidegg, above Wengen, as the best way of spending Easter.

IT is hard to believe that Arnold Bennett is no longer with us. Witty, high-voiced, and with that curious quiff of hair over his forehead, he enjoyed life thoroughly, and



IN THE SHADOW OF "THE ROCK" *Fox*

Racing is always popular at Gib., and the meetings held periodically by the Gibraltar Jockey Club never lack supporters. Above is seen the big field in the Stewards' Cup, won by Mr. A. J Caulfield's Petronella, during the running of the race, with the north face of the famous Rock providing an imposing background

LADY GOLFERS SEEN IN ACTION—AND IN VICTORY

Topical

Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Enid Wilson measuring the distance of their balls on the 18th green at Camberley Heath during the semi-final of the Ladies' London Foursomes whilst Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss G. Rudgard look on. Lady Golfers' Club (Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Rudgard) beat their semi-final opponents, Worplesdon, at the 19th hole, going on to beat Addington in the final round by 4 and 3

THE WINNING SMILE *Topical*

Miss G. Rudgard and her partner, Miss Enid Wilson, all smiles after winning the Ladies' London Golf Foursomes at Camberley Heath for the Lady Golfers' Club. Their battle in the semi-final against Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Joyce Wethered provided the greatest thrill of the meeting

Marian Lewis

MISS GABRIELLE RITCHIE

The only daughter of the late Mr. James Wadsworth Ritchie and of Mrs. Ritchie, who is among the April brides. Her wedding to Mr John Edward Lorne Campbell Currie, the only son of the late Capt. Lorne Campbell Currie, will take place on Wednesday, April 22, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

was to be seen everywhere. He it was who first introduced haddock-omelet to London, and had it named after him at the Savoy. He it was who raised his price as a journalist to half a crown a word, which is only exceeded by Rudyard Kipling, who gets 4s. a word, and refuses to write commissioned articles to order.

HE was a great man, who appreciated the good things of life—a thing that few great men do. There is a story, variously attributed to him and to Mr. H. G. Wells, which tells of a woman who asked him gushingly what caused him to write his best work. "There must be some reason" she urged. "Money, money, money," said Mr. Arnold Bennett. "Oh, you are laughing at me," was the answer, "do tell me the real reason." But all she got was the parrot-like, but absolutely genuine, reply, "Money, money, money."

ONE of the most interesting waiters in London is to be found at the Piccadilly Hotel where, incidentally, Ronald Frankau, the brother of Gilbert Frankau, was lately one of the cabaret turns. The waiter's name is Pietro Tordera, and his claim to fame is that besides marrying the French champion woman javelin thrower, he himself was the champion bantam weight wrestling trainer to the Metropolitan Police, and runs home every night from the Piccadilly Hotel to his home in Battersea.

THE Piccadilly is really a most enterprising hotel. They now hope to persuade Rex

A SWEEP TO AID BRITISH HOSPITALS

Evans, who has been in New York for so long, to stage his come-back in either or both the restaurant and grill room. Rex Evans has been very unlucky in his absence from London. Among other things, he caught pneumonia, from which, however, he has now recovered completely.

ONE must certainly congratulate Miss Phœbe Norton-Griffiths on her enterprise in taking over the Curling Studios and becoming a full-blown Court photographer. It was barely three months ago that she decided to become a "bulb-squeezer," and yet her photograph albums record any number of sitters. At her party a few days ago the studio was full of distinguished people, including Lady Guggisberg and Lady Elibank.

A glimpse of the pretty club-house situated at Funchal, and owned by the British Country Club. This club is running a Derby sweep which will benefit British hospitals, for nine per cent. of the takings will go to them and one per cent. to charitable organisations in Madeira. The first prize will be about £50,000, and second prize £20,000, the third £10,000, and the fourth £5,000, and there are subsidiary prizes in addition. Tickets cost £1 each and can be obtained only through members of the club

Special Press

Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall takes the court at Hampstead well provided with rackets and refreshment to play Miss Betty Nuthall in the final of the Ladies' singles. She won a very keenly fought match by 6-3, 6-2, and her good form proved her to be well in the running for Wightman Cup honours

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

Miss Phœbe Norton-Griffiths, the youngest sister of Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, and a recruit to the ranks of Society photographers buying spring flowers in Sloane Square. These particular flowers had "something to do with the case," the case in question being the decoration of her Chelsea studio, where she recently "threw" a party that was both big and bright

Capt. Cecil Edward Philpott Craven, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regt., and Miss Sheila Noreen Burke leaving St. Mark's Church at Bangalore after their wedding. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Burke, Resident in Mysore, and of Mrs. Burke

Many of them had brought their dogs, for Miss Norton-Griffiths specialises in dog photography.

S

BUT this raises rather an interesting modern superstition. Any number of people consider that it is terribly unlucky to be photographed with their dogs. Lady Cottenham, who has a house in South Street, took no fewer than five of her dogs, so I am told, to be photographed, and every one of them died. Incidentally, Miss Norton-Griffiths has any number of ways of beguiling the sitter's time. In addition to a gramophone and a piano, she has two wireless sets and an organ, which can be turned on or played whenever boredom is imminent.

S

IN a few days' time all the Londoners who have been following the strawberries in California will be back. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Brecknock are expected home in the next ten days. Lady Idina Haldeman, the former Lady Erroll, has already returned from her honeymoon trip to the West Indies. Lord Furness, who has been big-game hunting, is also expected back before the end of the month.

WHAT is the secret of a best seller? Mr. Victor Gollancz, the publisher of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, "Flamenco," which so absorbed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald just before Easter, says that success is dependent on the almost fanatical belief of the author or authoress in what they write. "It must be an intense feeling that everything written is actual and true, and really happened," was his pronouncement to a friend of mine.

S

INCIDENTALLY, I am told that Arnold Bennett forgot to make a new will before he died. The result is that a will he made twenty or thirty years ago is likely to be set up as the only known one. No doubt Mr. Bennett was too busy writing books to write a new will. It often happens that a professional writer forgets any correspondence that is not commissioned by an editor or publisher.

S

THE engagement of Lady Margaret Spencer to Lord Home's second son came as no surprise to their friends. Both are very keen hunting people. Lady Margaret's brother, Lord Spencer, whose seats are at Althorp, Northampton, and North Creake, Fakenham, in Norfolk, is very interested in art matters, and has some of the finest pictures in the world. Another brother spent a long time in the Argentine where he had a number of hairbreadth adventures. Mr. Douglas-Home, her fiancé, is a year younger than she is, and has just gone into business.

S

ONE of the most attractive débutantes this season will undoubtedly be Sir Harry McGowan's pretty daughter, for whom a good deal of entertaining may be expected. Sir Harry McGowan, I gather from a friend, is well pleased with the financial position of Imperial Chemicals. "It is not often that you hear of a company cutting down the overheads when business is expanding," he said. "But that is what we are doing—a thing that is usually only done when business is decreasing." J. G.

Wide World

Capt. William Dudley Hervey Charles Forbes, Coldstream Guards, and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Vesey, the elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. Osbert and Mrs. Vesey. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and the reception took place at Seaford House, which was lent for the occasion by Lord and Lady Howard de Walden

WHERE THE PRINCE IS BEING ENTERTAINED

A view of the beautiful gardens of Sir Henry Lynch's magnificent house in Rio de Janeiro, where he is giving a reception for the Prince of Wales and Prince George to-day, April 8. Sir Henry, who is the ex-President of the Brazil Chamber of Commerce, is the Chairman of the Committee formed for the entertainment of the Prince, who is seen inset in a straw hat, the wearing of which promises to bring this style of headgear back into fashion

Keystone

Lenare

Countess de Pret with her two sons, Michael and John, in the drawing-room of their delightful home at Melton Mowbray. The boys have already started boxing lessons and ride every day

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello . . . hello. . . . Good morning, Baa. . . . I'm rather tempted to flit off to Scotland. . . . Geordie and Sarah Haddington are there, and inviting a small party. . . . The Duchess of Grafton is also going North. . . . Perhaps my kilt is a bit moth-eaten! . . . So there's Spain . . . which seems most fashionable now. . . . Lord and Lady Cavan have already sailed for Lisbon . . . and so have the Allenbys. . . . No, the Baldwins didn't go North, they stopped with their daughter, Lorna Howard, at her lovely Sussex home.

* * *

I MET Mrs. Alfred Blossom the other day . . . very pleased with her husband's purchase of Genesis, but not so pleased with a bad throat which will not leave her. . . . She was wearing a wonderful necklace of black pearls . . . beautifully graduated . . . but of the most fascinating difference in shades. . . Black pearls are very rare, but Lady Deerhurst, widow of the late Lord Coventry's eldest son, has an almost perfectly matched necklace of them. . . .

I think the new ornament of flower necklaces . . . or rather garlands . . . is most attractive for young girls who have no real jewellery. . . . I saw a débutante the other night wearing one of blue forget-me-nots on her white dress and thought how charming it looked. . . .

* * *

HOW young Mrs. Richard Guinness looks! . . . And yet her daughter, Zita James, has been married for over a year, and the younger one is older than her name—Baby—would have you believe . . . anyway old enough for the sophistication of Douglas Byng . . . for with her mother and the Duke of Marlborough she was applauding him heartily at the Café Anglais last week. . . . Mrs. Guinness looked very regal in a crimson velvet coat . . . she is noted for her wit and for her deep, deep voice. . . .

Have you heard about the joke in National week at a famous Liverpool hotel . . . when two well-known women squabbled over a bath, having taken possession simultaneously . . . only to be flung into the passage by a diminutive jockey who "had no time to waste. . . . He was going to *start* the race clean, anyway! . . ."

THE Stonehavens have settled into a charming little flat at the top of Park Lane, overlooking Marble Arch. . . . Lady Stonehaven has furnished it very simply, but charmingly . . . and the long bow windows seem to invite all the sunshine. . . . She and her husband were at Stonehaven for Easter, but returned as soon as the holidays were over and their two younger girls return to school. . . . I don't think the tiny sequin berets suit everybody, but I have seen two black ones lately which were most becoming to their wearers. . . . One was on Ann Armstrong-Jones, Oliver Messel's pretty sister, and with it she wore a quaint little bolero over a scarlet blouse . . . and the other was on Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley, who combined it most effectively with ermine and black velvet. . . .

* * *

BETTY HULTON'S idea for her wedding to-day of only having a few friends to the church and a large reception afterwards is very sensible, especially as she is a Roman Catholic and a great many of her friends would be at a loss to follow the service. . . . I always think much of the beauty of the marriage service is lost by the crowd of whispering acquaintances who come to criticise the clothes! . . . Lady Hulton is having the reception at 50, Upper Brook Street, where Betty entertained so many parties before she shared a house with her brother Teddy. . . . The dining room contains the most wonderful gold plate, including the Ascot Gold Vase . . . all won by Sir Edward Hulton with his famous racehorses. . . .

In the society of smart prams in Hyde Park there is much comment on the fact that the children of two well-known and exceedingly wealthy sisters are so badly turned out. . . .

* * *

LADY JANE DOUGLAS is a most beautiful small creature whom I often see walking beside her brother's pram . . . and another attractive little girl is Monica Tattersall . . . whose mother, Mona Dunn, died so tragically in Paris. . . . Monica is greatly looking forward to her father's return from East Africa, where he is big-game shooting. . . . In the meantime she lives with her grandmother, Gertrude Lady Dunn, in Charles Street. . . .

* * *

TALKING of Africa, we will be glad to welcome Sir Delves Broughton and his lovely wife home from Kenya, where they have been for three months. . . . Vera Broughton has been much missed, and a race meeting never seems the same without Delves. . . . Vera has the most lovely golden hair and really blue eyes. . . . She is a perfect ambassadress for true English beauty. . . . Au revoir, my dear. . . .

OUR PRIVATE ACADEMY VIEW

Sir William Orpen, R.A., standing beside one of his pictures which will be seen at this year's summer exhibition of the Royal Academy. It shows the late Mme. Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, stepping it with fairy-like grace on the sea-shore. When the picture is exhibited it will be agreed that this is one of the artist's happiest paintings

Photographs *Wide World*

A portrait of Lady Lisburne, painted by Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., seen on the left, another picture which will be on view at Burlington House. Lady Lisburne first sat to this artist in 1921, and he found her so interesting a sitter that he has since painted her portrait on many occasions

AT THE PLAY

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH

SKETCHES OF C. B. COCHRAN'S "1931 REVUE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION, BY H. H. HARRIS

COCHRAN'S "1931 REVUE"

Ada-May, the leading lady of the reprieved show, wiggle-waggles as the Elusive Señorita

THE holiday season, in which most managers are chary of risking a new production, oblivious of the fact that as many visitors come to Town as Londoners leave it, gives one a chance to regain breath after a busy round of theatre going.

IT must be confessed that there is not much satisfaction in looking round, for since last Christmas one failure has trodden on another's heels. No sooner has a play been produced than, hey presto! it has vanished from the theatre where its unhappy West End life was started.

STILL, it is some consolation—to the critic at any rate—to know that most of these failures deserved their fate. It would be a really serious matter if good plays had met with ill-success, because then it would have been evident that the taste for playgoing had passed. Thank goodness things are not nearly as bad as all that!

INSTEAD of brooding over the failures, just let us have a look round and see what are the successes, and here it may be as well to point out that they are a diversified bunch, which shows, contrary to some managerial opinions, that the public are not sheep, and that because one type of production is a success, then the public must be regaled with something else very like it.

A FINE play, left over from last year, so to speak, which still attracts, is *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* at the Queen's, with the added attraction that in it is some of the best serious acting to be seen in Town, with Cedric Hardwicke revealed as one of the finest actors of the day.

QUITE by chance, next door to where "London's Longest Run" is emulating *Charley's Aunt,* is another success, for at the Globe Theatre the wit and satire of *The Improper Duchess* has also made a big appeal. One serious play, and one cynically amusing, and both captivating a public which has not yet had its taste entirely vitiated by the "canned talk" of the cinemas.

THEN again, the successful revival of a serious play like *The Pelican,* at the Playhouse, can be matched by another revival, and more cynicism, in *The Circle,* at the Vaudeville; a somewhat strange coincidence. Both, like mother and child, are doing well.

TWO other comedies dealing with family life have bloomed despite the frost. *After All,* at the Criterion, which, on occasions, pulls at the heart strings, and *To See Ourselves,* where observation and humour abound have both been winners and deserve to succeed.

THROW in a Society thriller, as exemplified in *Good Losers* at the Whitehall; two merry farces, *It's a*

Messrs. Clark and McCullough, the American comedians, the former of whom described their first-night reception as "great waves of ice wafting over the footlights"

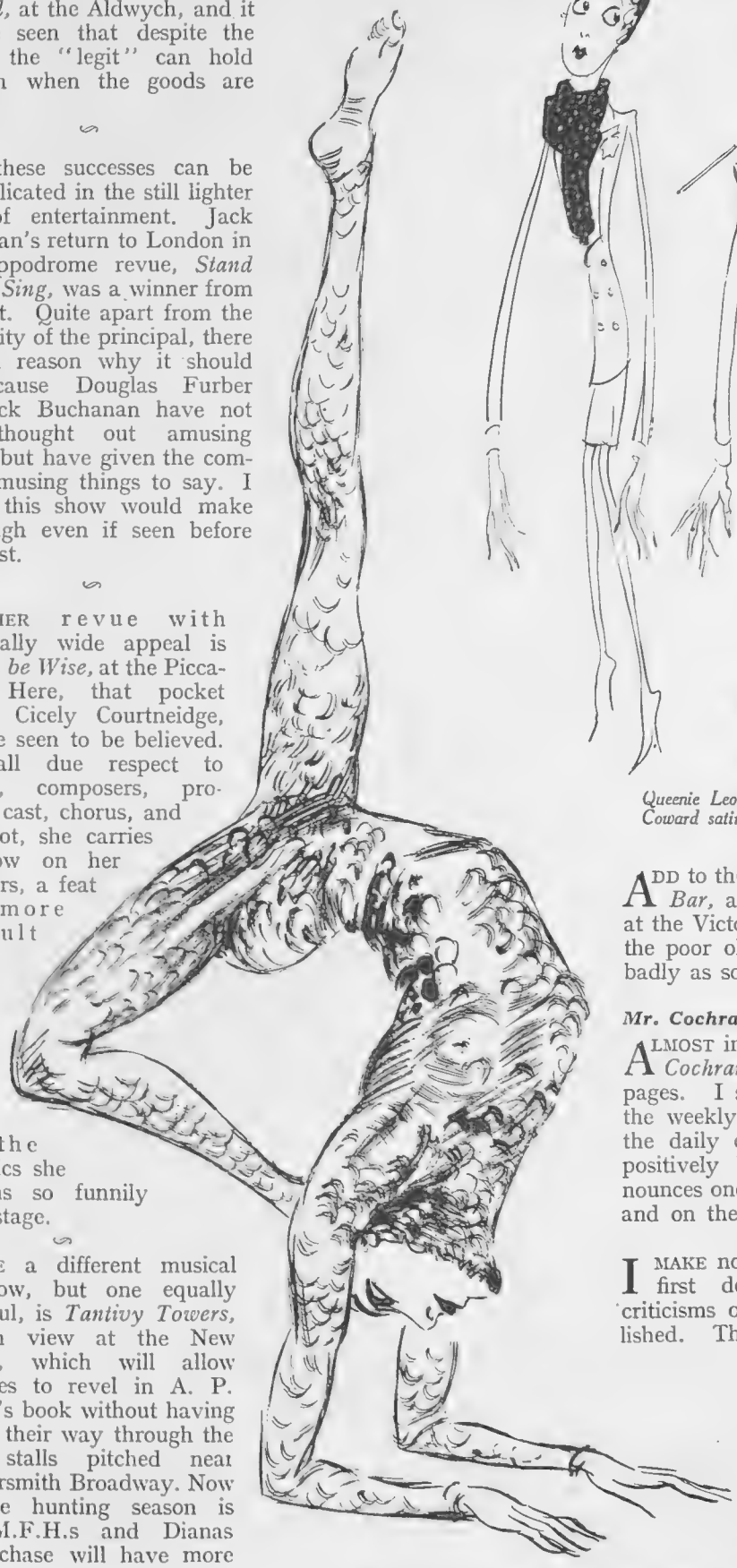
THE THEATRE — By Vernon Woodhouse

Boy, at the Strand, and *Marry the Girl,* at the Aldwych, and it will be seen that despite the slump, the "legit" can hold its own when the goods are good.

AND these successes can be duplicated in the still lighter form of entertainment. Jack Buchanan's return to London in the Hippodrome revue, *Stand up and Sing,* was a winner from the start. Quite apart from the popularity of the principal, there is good reason why it should be because Douglas Furber and Jack Buchanan have not only thought out amusing scenes, but have given the company amusing things to say. I believe this show would make one laugh even if seen before breakfast.

ANOTHER revue with equally wide appeal is *Folly to be Wise,* at the Piccadilly. Here, that pocket genius, Cicely Courtneidge, must be seen to be believed. With all due respect to authors, composers, producers, cast, chorus, and what not, she carries the show on her shoulders, a feat even more difficult than the acrobatics she performs so funnily on the stage.

QUITE a different musical show, but one equally successful, is *Tantivy Towers,* now on view at the New Theatre, which will allow audiences to revel in A. P. Herbert's book without having to force their way through the whelk stalls pitched near Hammersmith Broadway. Now that the hunting season is over, M.F.H.s and Dianas of the chase will have more leisure to go and chuckle at the good-natured satire hurled at them by the author.



Eve, the young English contortionist dancer, who, whatever may be the fate of this revue, will assuredly duplicate her success elsewhere

Queenie Leonard, Edward Cooper and Effie Atherton in a Noel Coward satire on our "Bright Young People" enjoying themselves to the top of their bent

ADD to these that original entertainment, *Wonder Bar,* at the Savoy, and the *Chelsea Follies,* at the Victoria Palace, and it will be realised that the poor old West End theatres aren't doing so badly as some people would like to make out.

Mr. Cochran Day by Day

ALMOST in fear and trembling, sketches of *C. B. Cochran's 1931 Revue* are reproduced on these pages. I say this, because with a disregard for the weekly Press—quite unable to keep up with the daily chops and changes of plans which is positively brain racking—our Mr. Cochran announces one day that he is withdrawing the revue, and on the next that he will continue to run it!

I MAKE no complaint that, in consequence of his first decision, my extraordinarily erudite criticisms of this show will never now be published. That is the public's loss, not mine! But I shall complain most bitterly if, once again, Mr. Cochran changes his mind, and before you read these words withdraws his revue from the London Pavilion, thus making our Mr. Harris's sketches completely out of date! It is because I hope that not only will this revue continue, but be *improved,* that a chance is being taken and, for the sake of all concerned, I do hope we have not backed a loser!

V. W.

"CHELSEA FOLLIES" SUCCESSFUL at FOLLY

An attractive crew aboard ship. Some of the chorus at the Victoria Palace in costumes which, if not entirely 'sailor-like, should appeal to any sailor

THE "Chelsea Follies," at the Victoria Palace, went into its second edition last week, when several new scenes were introduced. Nervo and Knox, in addition to appearing in old and favourite numbers, now represent two matadors who "hit the bull" at Stamford Bridge, which, perhaps, is the cause of their also appearing at the Police Station!

Nervo and Knox as they appear in the "Chelsea Follies" in their absurdly classical dancing duet, which puts members of any Russian Ballet completely to shame

(Right) A Chelsea studio (with Martin Iredale as the painter) which differs from some Chelsea studios, if only for the reason that the "models" are extremely attractive

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

WHAT I THINK OF WOMEN

Truthfully told by

PHILIP PAGE

MEN who don't think much of women usually, it will be found, don't think enough about them. A casual and superficial survey (if anything remotely connected with so mighty a subject can be called casual or superficial) is apt to result in the frank sentimentality so dear to the heart of the male, or in the dismissal of Woman, with a very big W indeed, as a raging and antagonistic tiger. The latter attitude is apt to be due to a nasty jar to the sentimentality and is curable, though no form of inoculation has yet been discovered. It may, however, exist as a purely intellectual point of view, and as such it has been turned to profitable account by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw has, however, probably by this time extracted every possible guinea out of the situation of the female marking down the male for her own.

BOTH points of view are equally fallacious in so far as both neglect the root-truth—the incontestable mental superiority of the female in all really vital matters. Which is, of course, begging the question. But I have been asked to state an opinion, and not to set out to prove a theory.

Let us look for a moment at this question of woman's intelligence, at her superb equipment for the battle of life. By this I mean the sex war, for that uncomfortable campaign goes on and on, and will for ever go on, without hope of Peace day or Armistice. It is not concerned with the granting of woman's suffrage, or the admission of women as barristers or doctors, or air-pilots to Australia, or any unimportant nonsense of that sort. The clever woman (there are very few stupid women, and their very stupidity is formidable, since it is something against which no man can find a weapon) never envies a man. Far too acutely does she see beneath the mass of vanity, helpless physical passion, and potty emotionalism which is called chivalry. At best this wakens in her a sort of compassionate irony, better known under the preposterously inaccurate title of Maternal Instinct.

Pearl Freeman

PHILIP PAGE

The well-known musical and dramatic critic, with whose article the opposite sex should certainly have no reason to complain

Previous articles in this interesting series have been contributed by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Miss Ethel Mannin, Mr. Collinson Owen and Miss Daphne du Maurier in our issues of March 11, 18, 25, and April 1. Back numbers are obtainable from the Publishers, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, at 1/2, post free.

Next week the discussion will be continued by Lady Terrington

MAN, in his vanity, is fond of the word intuition. If he is in any doubt about the intelligence of women, and feels for an awkward moment that in certain matters they may reason as ably as he does, he dismisses the doubt almost as swiftly as it has arisen by referring to "feminine intuition." He pays his tribute to that—and feels comfortable again. This "intuition" is, however, nothing of the sort. Women do not sum up a man or a situation with lightning speed (and, incidentally, hit the bull's-eye every time) on account of being endowed with some hocus-pocus magic, implanted in them in some vague and mysterious fashion because they have soft skin, knock-knees, and do not have to shave. They *know*, because they have the sense and the brains to know. They get right down to essentials while a man is weighing pros and cons and footling about with his electro-plated syllogisms and declaring airily, and with mighty conceit, that "women have no sense of logic."

LOGIC? Bosh! If a woman ever needed logic she could in double-quick time produce a better brand than Plato ever devised, and would use it better, too. But she does not need it. She can do supremely well without it. She can grip on to the truth without fumbling, and when she has gripped it she holds on like a bull-dog, with a tenacity that carries her through every contingency. I suspect that it will be argued that sentimentality will make her let go. It will not. Women are not in the least sentimental. Even the love of a tea-shop girl for the photograph of a film-actor, or the adoration poured by almost any woman on a pet dog, has no remote connection with either romance or sentimentality. Freud would probably have found an explanation for this, and, being a male, would have argued at great length about it. Women just *know* the reason.

I DO not in the least envy women their immense "Rightness." I rejoice at it, and recognise it as Nature's main compensation for certain physical disabilities. Nature—the most wonderful thing in the universe, and the wisest (which is why tradition gives Nature femininity and calls her "Mother" Nature), has, however, been almost unjustly generous in the matter of this compensation. A woman cannot wield a hammer so

P. and A.

Mrs. Dod Proctor, the famous artist, putting the finishing touches to the painting which she has submitted for this year's Royal Academy. She and her husband, Mr. Ernest Proctor, live at Newlyn, in Cornwall

well as a man, cannot run so fast. What, in an age of scientific and engineering triumphs, does that matter? She cannot drive a golf ball as far as a man or knock out a heavy-weight. Her record as a writer of great poetry, a painter of great paintings, or a composer of great music is poor as compared with that of men. But is even this really of much consideration beside that which Woman *has* been given? For it is to precisely this falling short in non-essentials that she owes her supremity in essentials. And she knows exactly what to discard for her own purposes. That she has a knack—it is not instinct, but comes of horse-sense and of the wisdom gained at the adolescent stage from other females, when adolescent males are merely wasting time in silly stories and petty vices—of being completely dishonourable when, and if, it suits her, is not only one of her charms, but one of the marks of her wise disdain of civilisation. I do not say that ninety-nine women out of a hundred do not behave in a perfectly honourable fashion. But they do not kow-tow to honour as such, and when their intelligence tells them that in certain circumstances it is better for their particular interests, and wiser generally, to be dishonourable, they chuck honour to the winds.

WHAT woman has ever cared a tinker's cuss about law if she finds it happens to be an obstacle in her path? She cuts through it—and usually emerges triumphant on the other side. What woman has ever been for one moment hindered by the supposed obligations in the matter of a liaison that is becoming unstuck? She cuts out the unwanted male, in infinite wisdom, and with incredible speed. With infinite lack of wisdom the male will hold on to the unwanted female, will continue to lie to, with, and about her, and will comfort his stupid sense of chivalry and his timid little conscience by doing what he imagines to be "the right thing."

Central News

THE MODERN COURT JESTER

Mlle. Grit Doresco, who has been appointed Official Entertainer to the Roumanian Court. She is a well-known figure at all gala performances in Bucharest

The woman may tell the unwanted male (before taking a taxi to the wanted male) that she is being cruel only to be kind, or some nonsense of that sort; but this is simply a concession to his masculine sentimentality. She is being neither kind nor cruel. She is doing what she wants to do, and being sensible about it.

I HAVE said that women are not sentimental. They have also a greater knowledge than men of when to conceal their emotions and when to make a display of them. The latter the male never does deliberately; the female does so, both deliberately and frequently. That is not necessarily a proof, however, that she is in reality more emotional or more susceptible to emotion-promoting influences. If the auditorium lights are suddenly switched on in the course of a pathetically harrowing play, it is the men for the most part, and not the women, who are discreetly mopping their eyes.

BUT it is not this fact that has led to the almost universal adoption of the curious thing that women, in their supposed capacity of the chased and not the chaser, are normally, sexually, frigid—in fact, that it is rather improper to consider them as anything else.

How that belief arose it is difficult to say. Since it enormously helps the woman's status, for it adds to her dignity in the exact ratio that it detracts from that of the man, it is probable that in the remote past it had some feminine inculcation. It represents, in respectable circumstances, and when marriage is in the offing, as it were, the man as a selfish and slightly ridiculous animal—chatty and present-giving, but gross.

THE woman is pictured as virginal and spiritual, but eventually liable to be willing, in her sublime unselfishness, to waive her natural and decent repugnance, to submit with a touch of martyrdom to that from which she could not be imagined as extracting any pleasure, and to submit eventually to the uncomfortable and dangerous process of becoming mothers.

This belief holds good, and will continue to hold good, in spite of the fact that no unmarried girl ever buys a lipstick or a pair of gloves without having a supposedly reluctant male somewhere at the back of her mind. Woman is clever enough to play up to this fallacy. There is nothing for which she is not clever enough. And one of the few grains of sound sense displayed by the male is that he would not have it otherwise.

P. P.

BY BEAUCHAMP

"Two of the Intelligentry, my dear!"

If Gossip We Must

It is fortunate that so large a portion of the Irish Sweepstake money was drawn in England, since it was in England that most of it was subscribed. English hospitals have not benefited one iota, except by the publicity that has been given to the fact that enormous sums of money have gone to Irish hospitals, and that this may lead to the puerile and unjust regulations about the legality of sweepstakes generally being modified or even abolished altogether.

As the holder of six tickets, not one of them successful, and as, therefore, a contributor to Irish hospitals without having had any jam to the powder, I feel rather strongly about this. Why should Mr. Clynes and his Government, or any Mr. Clynes of any Government, attempt to run against human nature with a few futile little prosecutions? Official England has dabbled in enjoying the fruits of gambling in the matter of the Betting Tax, so it has not even consistency on its side.

Sport and General

Mimi Crawford, the popular young comedienne, in her new Humber Snipe, at Stoke Poges Golf Club. Miss Crawford bears a close resemblance to Evelyn Laye, for whom she is frequently mistaken

Janet Jevons

Margaret Perry, the eighteen-year-old American actress, who plays the only woman's part in "Strictly Dishonourable" at the Phœnix Theatre. Although this play received some adverse notices, the critics were unanimous in praise of her performance in a difficult part

By Leslie Butler

"They'll endorse your licence for this, Miss"
"Ha, ha! They can't! I haven't got one, so there!"

I am not going to be hypocritical enough to argue that I want to see laws against lotteries and sweeps abolished solely that money may

THE SILVER LINING

M. Poiret, the famous couturier, states that Englishwomen are the best-dressed women in the world.

GIVE three cheers for Old England,
Who says her race is run?
If the Income Tax is found
To reach five bob in the pound,
We won't mind Snowden's little fun.
Gladly we'll meet our super-taxes
Though we sell our homes to pay,
Now the news has reached our ears
All our women—bless the dears—
Dress best in the world to-day.

Give three cheers for Old England,
Who says we're in the cart?
E'en though Cochran's new revue
Comes a cropper, it is true,
We've something left to cheer our heart.
Though theatres may be slumping badly,
We'll never, never feel dismay,
For depressed though things may be
All our women, you'll agree,
Dress best in the world to-day.

Give three cheers for Old England,
Who says our star is set?
Though the Lloyd George-Ramsay pact
May prove costly, it's a fact
That we're not in the background yet.
What though our overdraft's exhausted
And our profits fade away?
Just as long as we've a bean
All our women, 'twill be seen,
Dress best in the world to-day! *B. W.*

accrue to our own hospitals. But since you and I, and Tom, Dick and Harry may obtain a ticket in a lottery in Ireland or across the Channel, and may even win it, it is not entirely hypocrisy to ask that our own money should go towards supporting our own charities, and even alleviating our own Income Tax, instead of being poured out abroad.

I would even waive traditional British insularity and dignity, and suggest in addition that it would not be at all a bad idea if we could "make the foreigner pay," since for years we have paid for him. That is to say, by legalising lotteries and such exciting but extremely sensible concerns, much money would be subscribed outside the country, and we would get some of it. We could do with a nice lump just now.

S

I HATE to have murder on my soul without confession, so I must admit that in a recent issue we killed Mr. Gerard Ridley by publishing his photograph and ascribing the likeness to his late father. Mr. Ridley is very much alive, as I noticed when I saw him lunching at the Café Anglais the other day, doubtless seeking relaxation from evolving new designs and colour schemes for tiled fireplaces, and thinking out ideas for making the modern bathroom still more attractive — so attractive, indeed, that it seems a

Pearl Freeman

Queenie Leonard, one of the cast in C. B. Cochran's "1931 Revue" at the London Pavilion, which was sentenced to death and then reprieved. In this she shows versatility by taking a variety of parts in addition to breaking out into song when the occasion demands

Dorothy Wilding

Kathleen Greenwood, the attractive young daughter of the Minister of Health, who has adopted the stage as a career and is appearing in "The Chelsea Follies" at the Victoria Palace, a second edition of which was successfully staged last week

desecration to use it for the purpose for which it is intended! In addition to carrying out many important contracts in London, including work for the B.B.C., Mr. Ridley's firm was responsible for the fireplaces in the Prince of Wales's Sunningdale house.

I HAVE received a circular pointing out the advantages of attending a "nudist-culture" gathering somewhere in Germany. Not for Joseph! The summer is a-cumen in and, beyond the fact that the circular arrived in a non-committal wrapper, it seems a bona fide business. But I fail to see the advantages, either legitimate or illegitimate. Besides, there is quite enough nudism in this country without one having to spy out the nakedness of the land in Germany.

Mabel Robey

OH, DEAR!

Elsie Randolph impersonating something too sweet for words in "Stand Up and Sing," the musical show at the London Hippodrome. She and Jack Buchanan have much to do with the success of the many comedy scenes in this very bright business

WHAT would have been said a generation ago about some of our acrobatic dancers in revues, about the photographs exhibited in shop-windows and elsewhere? There is no harm whatever in all this; the only harm lies in imagining there is. "Is not that indecent?" said Boswell, pointing to a picture of a nude woman. "No, sir, it is not," replied Dr. Johnson, "but the remark is."

THE Paris revues, however, are getting less nude. No longer does one have to endure row after row of rather floppy females pretending to be parts of a fan or the Spirit of the Emerald, or of the Sapphire, or of the Ruby, or whatever flight of tawdry and boring fancy the mind of the producer may take. Perhaps this is because there is more evidence of nudity outside the theatre, and because we are, generally, more sensible about such things.

BRITISH and American visitors frequently took to these exhibitions—reminiscent of nothing so much as a poulterer's shop at Christmastide — their blameless womenfolk, who must have found them insufferably tedious.

For it is only the male, and the rather silly male, who takes an interest in bare flesh on the other side of the footlights. Were it not so, we would be treated in Paris revues to parades of young men of easy virtue clad in "daring" costumes and posing on stage staircases. We are not; and if that is not one proof of woman's good sense, I do not know where to look for a better one.

LONDON'S NEW

An artist's impression of the boulevard which will carry Thames House. In the background can be seen new traffic in the autumn. This part of London is becoming and those interested see to it that the new buildings ar

TALKING of young men, I am wondering whether Oxford and Cambridge really do deserve all the strictures that are

"Er, let me see. What is your name?"
"Percival Armstrong, m'lady"
"But you don't expect me to call you Percival Armstrong?"
"No, m'lady, thank you. I've got an alarm clock!"

By Walter

BOULEVARD

Whitehall towards Vauxhall in front of Lambeth bridge, which will be opened for more and more used for business purposes, architecturally worthy of a magnificent site

being passed on them just now. On the slenderest evidence (or on the dangerously fallacious principle of arguing from the particular to the general) they are accused of being both vicious and inept.

More sensible, and, therefore, more serious, charges are that they mean a wasted three years and the absorption of a lot of useless knowledge. A course at the "younger and more virile" universities of Scotland and the North is said to be preferable because here, it is declared, one learns something that is of practical use in after life.

Photographs *W. Davis*

Two exclusive camera studies of Chita, the marvellous young acrobatic dancer appearing in "Ever Green," at the Adelphi Theatre On the left she is doing a solo turn, while above she is seen with Carlos, who with his partners provides a most sensational turn which looks dangerous as well as graceful

That may be so. But is it really wise to devote three precious and impressionable years in order to acquire technical knowledge? That is likely to be the only period during which a man may have the chance of acquiring education for its own sake. Surely full advantage should be taken of it. If a son of mine were going to spend the rest of his life selling washbasins, or being a chartered accountant, or an insurance expert, I would take jolly good care that the one thing he should hear nothing about at the University would be basins, accounts, or insurance. He will have all the rest of his life to devote to those concerns.

As for learning technical points, these can be picked up about any trade or profession (with the exception of law and medicine and a very few others) in a couple of months by any youth with two-penn'orth of gumption, if he has any aptitude at all for the job he is going in for. If he has not any, he had far better not go in for it.

Pearl Freeman

MR. GERARD RIDLEY

who is well known in the leading Bohemian circles. He is the London manager of the Leeds Fireclay Co., Ltd.

The B.B.C. having defended itself, to at any rate some people's satisfaction, on the charge of indulging in Socialist propaganda, the ineffable Mr. Laski—we have given this bright young man a lump of free advertisement before—makes another charge. He thinks the B.B.C. should take on a deeper hue of red. "The big thing for wireless to do," he writes, "is to provoke people into thought. Could not Sir John Reith ask a Communist to speak? That means Mr. Harry Pollitt as well as Mr. Baldwin. . . . It means attacking the lawyers, praising secular education, even laughing at Lord Brentford." I am glad to have Mr. Laski's notion of what is "a big thing." But let us have it quite clear. Is England to remain a decent, law-abiding country? If so, what object is there in letting loose powers whose avowed creed is to pull it down into chaos and abolish law, order and decency? What greater imbecility than to put the enormous power of the B.B.C. at the disposal of Communist agitators?

PREFERRED FURS

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

ONE of the results of the world's limited buying powers (to which I refuse to make more than a passing reference, as we are being *far* too pessimistic about it) has been the importance given to the smaller French *maisons de couture*, who are not usually paid so much attention.

Buyers (particularly the American ones) had to produce *something* which bore the Paris label for their clientèle, who at the same time were jibbing at prices they usually swallowed whole, with the result that, with their correspondingly small prices (or rather smaller prices) they have been much patronised. The world has in consequence learnt a whole lot of new names. While one may often see charming ideas and pick up delicious little frocks here and there, it is the big houses who *launch* the fashions, bear the brunt of criticism, and are the victims of the copyists.

AN amusing thing about Paris is that there is no one who does not know *something* about la couture or la mode, and, from your taxi driver to the bank clerk, you will be told of so-and-so, who has *marvellous* dresses, and who, they are sure, will "make you a price" if you mention their name, while a card is pressed into your hand. Everyone is so terribly obliging in Paris, and so charmingly anxious to assist you in this matter, that it would really need a heart of stone and the purse of a beggar to withstand them.

BUT what is equally cheering is the increased attention this subject of clothes is receiving in England! Almost every month seems to see the birth of a new fashion paper, and, from being an obscure paragraph in the dailies, tucked away in some corner, dress now takes a prominent place as a news feature. A similar renaissance is taking place in Mayfair, and, in spite of hard times, an enormous number of small, exclusive dressmakers flourish exceedingly. We women are, as a nation, awakening to the fact that good dressing is not entirely vanity, but a great incentive to trade, and, dear knows, *I* have prodded hard enough at that fact in these pages! But just in case one should get *too* optimistic, one has only to look at the average London woman shopper to realise that we have not got very far after all! And, as I have said many, many times, so important is it to manufacture good clothes that a well-dressed woman is nothing less than a national asset.

An original sports suit in plaid design, with wide revers of broadtail. The short coat fastens at the waist with a belt
Model Heim

BUT what I really want to talk about is the way Paris is treating furs, and that is with a drastic originality. The summer variety has developed in many intriguing ways. The theory that the skin of a beast is worn round the throat to keep one *warm* has been quite exploded. Actually, very few whole skins are seen at all, with the exception of the silver fox, and then only the really beautiful specimen whose price runs into well over three figures. Happily, we are to be spared the vision of nameless varieties of creature clinging despairingly to the shoulders by a desperate claw as though it were a last stronghold, and cannot regret their departure. Fox fur is still happily with us, as it is much too soft and becoming to be dispensed with, but is used more as a high collar, a cuff or a border trimming.

A REALLY interesting fur novelty shown by several houses was a fox fur boa which was thrown over the head and hung round the neck like a garland. Very attractive was such a round white fox necklet shown by Regny and Schiaparelli, and it can be alternatively slipped over the arm, where it looks like a wide cuff. Lelong made a short fur boa of fox, with tails twisted round and a tail attached to each end. There is a feeling for the short boa, or necklet, so that

it is now seeking new modes of expression.

EVERYONE who can afford it (and it is an expensive item) will buy one of the adorable little evening wraps of ermine that are being shown just now; they are so *frightfully* becoming, and really useful, as they can be worn with any coloured frock. Of course, furriers can do wonders with the softest kind of the faithful rabbit cut into strips to simulate the tiny ermine pelts; considering the state of our exchequer, we *could* make shift with those.

LELONG showed a clever use of the beige summer ermine in conjunction with white, making the beige into stripes (quite a new and delightful way of using the fur) to form a short, cape coat. Either as capes, short coats or boleros these little evening fur wraps make up in the height of their collars what they lack in length, and are one of the most useful additions to our wardrobe.

LEOPARD skin can be used with telling and an almost dramatic effect as a trimming to the long or short coat. It adds a decorative touch to those whose personality suits this rather dashing fur. As revers of the draped, or one-sided kind, it was most successfully seen, while Worth made a charming one-sided cape of it. The one-sided or half-capes, which fasten on one shoulder, are an excellent suggestion for a summer wrap. When not all fur they are fur bordered; very useful to wear over the new collarless coats.

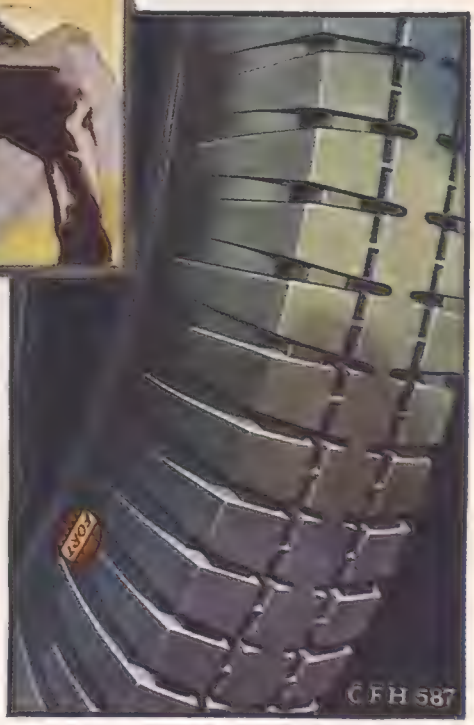
FLAT furs, as broadtail or Persian lamb, are used on tailor suits, and form collars which continue through the lapels of a coat and join in the circlet idea described above. In short, furs possess an altogether more decorative effect in summer which allows a greater latitude in their manipulation and character than their sterner utilitarian winter uses permit.

A delightful little summer wrap in embroidered silver lamé, showing the new cape which allows plenty of elbow room. Ermine fur forms the upstanding collar
Model Irène Dana

GERMANY'S GRETA GARBO?

Marlene Dietrich, the alluring and exotic German film actress, is an unusual type with her red-gold hair and blue eyes. She paid her first visit to this country to attend the première presentation of "Morocco," her first American film, at the Carlton Theatre, in which she appears against the colourful background of old-time Morocco and the intriguing Foreign Legion as a cabaret singer. It is directed by Josef von Sternberg, who first discovered her

Proven best — by every test



Fort DUNLOP

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"THE 3·30

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

3·30 WINNER!"

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Player's Please

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Green Snake

by

GEORGE FROXFIELD

WHEN the most chaste and beautiful woman of her time has surrendered her charms to a disgusting rakehell in exchange for it; a hitherto law-abiding lieutenant-colonel has broken into the sanctuary of an hermaphroditic diety and burgled it; two women, stripped to the waist, have fought for it with knives in the basement of an East End den; a Methodist plumber of blameless character has penetrated into a Mayfair dowager's bedroom and, being disturbed while searching for it, has committed a peculiarly atrocious assault; and when burglars of all types have, for over a century, made frantic attempts to possess it, a necklace can't help getting talked about.

Everybody, including people who were nobody, knew that Mrs. Abney-Moyle possessed the Green Snake, whose Arabic name of Al Hayyah al Achdar was for centuries associated east of Suez with not only ordinary but extraordinary and even unmentionable crimes.

When it became known that Lynette Abney-Moyle had commissioned a famous firm of Bond Street goldsmiths to build her a replica of the Snake, people thought her as common-sensible as commonplace.

They quoted precedents—the duchess's pearl dog-collar (Woolworthian at a dozen paces), the Coatbridge Ruby Rope (it would take "a sanguinary gull to mistake these stones for pigeon's blood," as their possessor herself admitted), and other famous pieces of jewellery, which, possessing understudies in paste, repose in vaults at banks in other people's names and so enable their nominal owners to drink champagne, go to the Riviera, and even pay their dentists something on account.

Lynette Abney-Moyle couldn't complain of a lack of money, only of disturbance of mind. Burglars and their kidney had got on her nerves.

When a providential December rime had caused the fall of a cat-burglar, a foul-fingered brute had scratched her neck and breast as he grabbed vainly at the Snake in the portico of a theatre, and another dead-o'-night attempt had been made while she and the Snake had been week-ending in Berks, Lynette told reporters, friends, and the world in general, that she would never wear the thing again. Never! The replica would suffice. Al Hayyah al Achdar should be kept coiled up in future in a safe.

Consequently, workmen from Buda (so that the secrets of the safe might not leak out) arrived at Lynette's tiny house in Park Terrace, Mayfair, and installed a safe in her lilac and silver drawing-room. Lynette told all her dearest friends, in the very strictest confidence, of course, that the ingenious lock of the hidden safe was concealed by an octagonal mirror which swung aside when a dummy electric-light switch was twisted round.

When showing the mechanism to Mordaunt Cunliffe, latest and youngest of her admirers, she explained that she had decided to have the safe built in the drawing-room because, if burglars *did* come, she thought it better for them to try their little games on it down there rather than in her bedroom—perhaps, on her.

YOUNG Mordaunt, besotted with Lynette's loveliness, couldn't imagine any burglar even remembering the existence of such a trifle as the Snake were the swine to glimpse its beautiful owner asleep. It wouldn't be burglary the blackguard would be charged with. No. He prickled horribly at imagined events and congratulated her heartily on her wisdom in determining to wear the sham Snake in future. "You've no idea," said he subsequently to Lynette, "the thrill of relief I felt when I saw that old Snake of yours locked away."

Lynette had been twenty-three when she first heard of the Snake. That was on a Monday. On the Tuesday she had manœuvred a meeting with Mr. Lucian Abney-Moyle, the famous money-lender, into whose possession it had come by default. On Wednesday she saw the Snake. On Thursday she supped with Lucian at the Savoy. On Wednesday her hand almost melted in his as he drove her back from the Carlton. On Thursday he kissed her. On Friday she kissed him—frightfully shyly. They were married a month later on his discovering that he couldn't get on without her kisses—withheld for a week because she had suddenly and tearfully told him that it was wrong, and she wasn't a bit that kind of girl.

The late Mr. Lucian Abney-Moyle had been corpulent, had greasy eyelids and dank hands, suffered from rheumatism, felt the heat and tried to conceal a personal aura in a fog of eau-de-Cologne.

In the five following years Lynette paid—not only through the nose.

Mordaunt's nails had laddered the silk cover of a cushion when first Lynette told him about her marriage. Alone in London. An orphan—her late father, of course, had been a clergyman. Penniless. On the stage—but generally off it. Empty. Starving almost. Faint. Battling. Temptations—all resisted.

"And he did offer me marriage," Lynette had murmured, her eyes—of that luminous, bluish-green which Mordaunt had only seen when swimming under water at Antibes—most dreamily fixed afar.

Mordaunt Cunliffe, known as Pongo, had won a "rugger" Blue at Oxford, but even colossal louts, to whom "Mods" forever barred the way to a degree, complained on the touch-line that he wouldn't use his head.

Fortunately for him he had inherited a little money from the more or less talented inventor, his paternal grandfather, of Cunliffe's Corn Cure.

"Some clever ass once said," Mordaunt told Lynette one day, "that a bootmaker who could make two corns grow upon a spot where only one grew

Illustrated by
FRANK OLDHAM

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before would deserve better of me than anybody else in the world."

Lynette said, frowning, "Two corns" and presently, "Oh, I see!" then "How frightfully clever!" and, suddenly, "And it's true, too, isn't it, Pongo? The more corns the more cure and the bigger your income!"

Then Lynette laughed and Mordaunt laughed, and anybody could see that they were splendidly matched intellectually.

It was a position that Lucian Abney-Moyle had foreseen. Death was going to cheat him of the loveliest purchase he ever made. But while making the most of Lynette in life, he could, he had perceived, still put a spoke in her wheel after death.

"I lose every penny if I re-marry," said Lynette, when she had known Mordaunt exactly eight weeks.

She was fingering her throat as she spoke, and Mordaunt thought, "Though it's only a bally sham, that Snake—it's making her think of what she'll lose. She always touched the real one when she thought about money."

"I know—I knew all along," said he. "To me it makes no difference whatever, darling."

At that even Lynette wished that he would use, and not forever lose, his head. A man ought to be self-confident—but not so crass as to rank himself with £14,000 a year. Besides, a husband's one thing and lovers are—many others.

"Darling!" breathed Lynette and stroked his knee.

"I've enough for two—if we went slow," he said throatily—the touch of Lynette's fingers always made him husky. "We could run to a cheapish flat and a little house in the country, near golf links, and a decent day's hunting and all that. We'd be as happy as the day's long."

"And," thought Lynette, "by God, it would be long!" but she only smiled and let a little cast creep into her eyes—an expression that had always made her first husband grab her and say, "You little witch, what have I got to buy you now?"

Mordaunt, she had long ago realised, was one of those dear fools who say, "It's not cricket" and "Hardly playing the game," talk about "Losing caste" and "Noblesse oblige," declare things "Not done" or "Infra dig." and love everything to be "shipshape," "above-board," and "square."

You can't do anything with men like that, thought Lynette. It comes of slouching about Oxford, she supposed, and playing "rugger." As though a registrar mumbling and two people singing forms made an act cricket which was otherwise base-ball. As though she and Pongo couldn't be absolutely happy—at intervals. At her villa at Cavalière, for instance, where the cobalt sea creeps up to kiss the feet of the pines ranged on the golden beach beneath the healthy hills. . . The poetry of it!

Sickening, Pongo was. Adoration was all very well for statues, thought feverish Lynette, but it was a bit more than flesh and blood could stick. Either he was such an unthinkable fool as not to perceive her hints—incredible that—or else he was such an old-fashioned stickler as to ignore them.

He was, in fact, insulting enough to—to respect her.

Pestering her to marry him. Neglecting his work—he was supposed to be on the Stock Exchange. Just marking time they were. And she did so much prefer her affairs to be non-stops.

"What's that?" exclaimed Lynette
"It sounds like broken glass," said
"There's no one but us in the house.

Lynette carefully prepared a climax. She informed her three maids that she was going to the villa at Cavalière in a friend's yacht. She despatched the sulky trio by train to await her arrival. When Mordaunt called that evening Lynette opened the door to him herself and explained that it was her own maid's evening out, that the cook had been summoned home to her mother, who was ill, and the house-parlourmaid had suddenly given notice, packed, and left her in the lurch.

"So we'll have to dine out," she said. "I haven't had a moment to dress yet. But first I'll make you a cocktail."

"This is a whacking great drink!" observed young Mordaunt presently.

"Aren't they darling old goblets?" was all Lynette said.

nder her breath, drawing back.
Mordaunt very huskily.
Listen"

Mordaunt sat smoking when at length Lynette had gone upstairs to dress. Presently she called him. Something had gone wrong with the hot-water tap of her bath. She couldn't turn it. She didn't understand it. Fleurette—christened Mabel—had always drawn her bath.

Mordaunt went up the dark staircase. A door stood ajar, letting a rosy shaft of light escape. He knocked.

"Come in!" almost whispered Lynette.

Going into the room was like burying his nose in a spray of lilac. On the edge of a huge snowy bed, outlined against a lilac satin quilt inches thick, sat Lynette, looking shy. She wore a wrap of love-in-the-mist blue with a huge collar of ostrich feather that made her head look like the very lovely handle of a powder-puff.

"I'll put it right," said Mordaunt huskily, as though her fingers caressed him.

He switched his eyes to the open door of the bathroom adjoining. All sound of his footsteps was drowned in the thick, silky pile of the Persian carpet on which Lynette's gossamer garments were strewn.

"Tap's a bit stiff, that's all," he said, as the water gushed.

"I tugged and tugged," said Lynette, standing in the doorway, the light behind her making a mere cloud of her wrap and revealing that she was otherwise quite ready for her bath. "But you're so frighteningly strong. You *are* a great giant, Pongo!"

"Your great giant then," said he. "Sweet, you look a little kid—a mere schoolgirl. You're absolutely lovely."

"Am I? Tell me exactly how and why and—where."

"I will," he said. "When you come down. I'll have thought it all out by then and put it in proper language."

"Improper will do!" retorted Lynette, smiling. "I like spontaneous things. Let's be spontaneous."

Mordaunt put his hands on her shoulders.

"Darling," he said, "will you marry me? That's spontaneous enough, isn't it?"

"How can I? Pongo, dearest, do try and be reasonable. You know what it means——"

"I know. Sweets and sours."

She put up her arms, the wide sleeves of the wrap sliding back to her shoulders, and slipped them, bare and warm, round his neck.

"I love you so," murmured Lynette, her head on his shirt-front, listening to the beat of his heart.

"Darling!" whispered Mordaunt, trembling.

"You don't know *how* I love you," said she, letting her weight hang from her hands clasped about his neck, staring up at him. "I never knew there was such a big thing in the world till I met you. Just everything. Pongo, Pongo, *darling!*"

"Sweet—sweet thing!" said he, with his arms bound round her.

"Tighter," she commanded. "I want to feel your arms right through me."

"I'm afraid of hurting you."

"I want you to. Hurt me, darling. *Do!*"

Never in all her experience had a heart thumped and thudded, seeming to miss a beat, and then its rhythm became syncopated, as Mordaunt's now. He was hers. She drew herself up, sliding delightfully on his shirt-front, pulled his head down, and gave him one of her most intimate lingual kisses.

But Mordaunt's reaction chilled her. His arms released her so that she slid dismally back on to the tips of her toes. The muscles at the back of his neck might have been ropes as he raised his head. His fingers closed on hers and disengaged them—gently but firmly.

"I love you," muttered Lynette wildly.

"And I love you," he answered. "I love you so much that I can't put up a fight—I—well, I carry too much weight with your arms round my neck. Buck up and get ready, sweet, and we'll talk downstairs."

"Oh, Pongo," was Lynette's despairing comment as he took a step towards the door, "are you strong-minded?"

"Pongo, listen," she began, pressing in front of him; but he cut her short and put her aside with a calm tenderness that was peculiarly exasperating.

"Not up here, dear," he said.

Lynette swung round, presenting her back to him because she still hoped that everything wasn't so lost, that it would be wise to let him see the fury in her eyes.

"That damned Snake!" she heard him say, and hastily withdrew her fingers from her throat. "I know what it's making you think, even though it is only a sham! You always finger it when you're thinking of material things. You're thinking of the money you'll lose. What's it matter? What's money, anyhow? Aren't millions of other things more important?"

What other things were there, thought Lynette—except humiliation, which is almost indistinguishable from hatred.

Mordaunt took another step towards the door. Lynette flitted past him to the switch, threw it over and the room into darkness, then sprang at him, clinging, kissing, inciting. And this time she knew he was weakening by the tightening of his arms and the fierceness of his kisses.

At that moment a sharp tinkle rang out over the sounds of their swift breathing, her muttered endearments, and the creaking of Mordaunt's shirt-front.

"What's that?" exclaimed Lynette under her breath, drawing back.

"It sounded like broken glass," said Mordaunt very huskily. "There's nobody but us in the house. Listen!"

The noise of falling glass was audible. Lynette ran barefoot and tiptoe into her dark dressing-room, switched aside the curtains, peered down, came fluttering back, looking aghast, and whispered:

"Burglars! On the balcony under the side window of the drawing-room! It's the safe. Quick—quick! Oh, Pongo, they mustn't open the safe!"

"Al Hayyah al Achdar!" muttered Mordaunt, loathing the Snake and all it stood for.

She nodded, evidently immeasurably distressed.

"Let it rip," he whispered urgently. "Marry me. You were going to say you'd marry me just then. I know you were. Lynette, I——"

"Please!" she broke in, staring at him as though he were mad. "They mustn't break that safe open! I'd rather anything happened. Go down. Disturb them. Drive them away somehow. I'll telephone to the police!"

She had never supposed that so big a man could move with such swiftness and with so little noise. She tiptoed after him and hung over the banisters.

Mordaunt, standing at the open drawing-room door, a dim irradiation about him, glanced up, nodded and held up his right hand, three fingers erect.

Three of them. She knew that already. Something crashed. Again she heard the sound of breaking glass. Mordaunt had not moved. Once more he glanced up at her.

Lynette smiled in the gracious way that a dim recollection of history lessons at a secondary school suggested as the fitting encouragement for a Queen of Beauty to bestow on her Knight before he entered the lists.

MORDAUNT stared once more into the room. The dim, reflected light came from the pocket-torch a man held with its beam directed on the back of the safe. The octagonal mirror had been wrenched out of place and broken. A second man's gloved fingers were fiddling with the combination lock. A third stood, watchful, at a front window, peering out into the street through a narrow gap between the drawn curtains.

Mordaunt dealt with the watcher first. He felt a twinge of regret at having to take the man unawares, but reflected, as he shot across the room, that such a scruple would never have entered into the scoundrel's head. A swinging blow on the right ear sent the watcher reeling through the bellying curtains and splintering window on to the balcony. The couple by the safe had swung round. As Mordaunt turned he heard the order "Put 'em up!" that melodramatic films have made so familiar.

He did nothing of the kind. He bounded, clutching at the throat of one man with one hand and hitting out at the belly of the other. The torch was immediately extinguished. The three went down on the floor, panting and heaving in the pitch darkness. An automatic made one blinding flash as it sharply exploded. At that Lynette drew back, shut her door, locked it, darted panic-stricken to the telephone and screamed, "Police!" into the transmitter.

Meanwhile his experiences in rugger scrums had been of service to Mordaunt. He found himself with one knee planted in the pit of a stomach and the other pinning to the floor the wrist that held the automatic. Someone was biting his left hand and somebody also was hitting him—for the second time—with a jemmy (or something of the sort) over the head.

The squirming man under his knee threshed about, the other flung himself on Mordaunt, one arm round his neck, toppling him sideways. Mordaunt felt two people land on him, hit out blindly, struggled, heaved, rolled. The automatic rang out and he felt a sudden agony in his right leg. His groping hands accidentally touch and gripped like pincers the napes of two necks. Instinctively Mordaunt brought the two heads crashing together. A rough cheek collapsed most comfortingly on his wrist. Mordaunt let the man go and heard him collapse with an inert and satisfactory thud. Once more came the automatic's sharp report, but Mordaunt, hit in the shoulder, had collapsed prone before he heard the report.

Something moved beside him. His uninjured arm shot out and coiled round a moving pair of legs. Mordaunt heaved. Somebody toppled over with a crash.

Light flooded the room. Somebody shouted, "Hi, would you?" A skull resounded to the thwack of a truncheon. Somebody gurgled. The limp legs Mordaunt clutched twitched like those of a wounded rabbit.

Mordaunt opened the only eye that blood didn't blind, glanced towards the broken window through which two bleeding legs limply protruded, gazed with satisfaction at two prostrate forms huddled on the Aubusson, smiled broadly and said:

"Well done, officer! Nick o' time. They were nearly over for a try."

WHEN next Mordaunt's thoughts became coherent he lay on Lynette's sofa, his chest and shoulder bared, a doctor bending over his left knee from which the leg of his trousers had been cut, the stench of iodoform in his nostrils and a tearing pain in his shoulder at each breath. He lay with half-shut eyes, with memories welling up, and said in a whisper:

"Got 'em? All three? Nothing scrounged? The Snake all right?"

"Everything's all right. Lie still."

"But——" began Mordaunt, then lay quiet and still, for from the landing came Lynette's silvery voice.

"You see, inspector, we had to try to prevent them opening the safe at all costs."

"We've all heard, ma'am, about the Snake," a bland voice replied.

"You see, all my trouble would have been for nothing otherwise. Al Hayyah al Achdar's my joss—mascot—my luck, you know. Of course everybody knew about the replica and the safe and all that."

"Pity it got known, ma'am," observed the bland voice. "But there it is, these gentry get to know everything."

"Not everything," said Lynette laughing. "Of course, all this is between you and me, inspector. You see, I couldn't give up wearing my darling Snake. I never have. Not for a minute. I always wore the real one and kept the sham one all by itself locked away in the safe."

The sham one locked in the safe! Mordaunt's perceptions were more sluggish than ever. The sham one in the safe! Then it wouldn't have mattered a damn if the swine had got away with it.

Except the secret would be out and everybody would know that the real and priceless Snake was round her neck.

Sham. Knowing there were three of the swine. Sham. Pressing him—making him go down. All that battle. All this infernal discomfort—dizziness—chewed-stringy feeling for a fake!

Afterwards Mordaunt rejoiced that he collapsed and was carried away in an ambulance to come to in a nursing-home with a pretty little nurse beside his creaseless bed.

Next morning the pretty little nurse brought him a sheaf of crimson roses from Lynette. He glanced at them and then, wincing, pitched them into the grate.

"The damned sham Snake!" said Mordaunt, lying back, cured.

G. F.

MARJORIE TILLER

The very pretty and attractive young actress who is now playing "Rosette"—the part previously taken by Enid Stamp-Taylor—in "Wonder Bar," at the Savoy Theatre. She is a niece of the late John Tiller

FILM NOTES

AMERICA SUBDUES "EAST LYNNE"

BY LIONEL COLLIER

"EAST LYNNE," which has recently been shown to the Press and will probably have a West End run soon, was as inevitable as fate. It was made three or four times as a silent picture. The stern, unbending husband who so readily believes in his wife's guilt, the sister who objects to her brother's choice of wife, and the character of the wife herself are all outmoded. However, it is not the story that matters, but the brilliant acting of Ann Harding, who gets away with the most sentimental situation because of her irresistible charm. This young American actress is certainly one of the outstanding personalities on the screen to-day, and every film she has appeared in has been worth watching for her performance alone.

FRANK LLOYD, the director, has given his story every technical advantage; it is beautifully set and, except for the slight American accents of Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel as the husband, keeps a very convincing English atmosphere of the period. For one relief, much thanks! The little curly headed child does not have a death-bed scene. This is most unusual, since most curly headed children of unhappy marriages are carefully labelled "To Heaven" in the opening reels.

INSTEAD, the misunderstood wife, having been blinded during the bombardment of Paris, where she is staying with her lover (a villain, but sans black moustache, played with unbelievable austerity by Clive Brook) falls over a cliff and is killed. This bombardment has been substituted for the original railway accident, and is extremely well pictured. This is "East Lynne," but it's gone a good way West during the process of adaptation.

REVERTING to America, we have had another of those matrimonial mix-ups filling the bill at the Regal. Its title is "Illicit," which gives one an idea with what the content is likely to concern itself! As a matter of fact, it is risqué, but, at the same time, entirely unsophisticated stuff; both the heroine, who wants to live as an unmarried woman and yet be married, and the hero who does not seem a bit sure as to what he wants, could have done with a little corporal castigation kindly administered. The acting of Barbara Stanwyck, a newcomer, is artificial, while James Rennie does his best as a husband who is unable to keep his loverlike attitude.

James Rennie, as the husband, and Barbara Stanwyck, as the wife who finds marriage lacks thrill, in Warner Brothers' sophisticated comedy-drama, "Illicit"

Ricardo Cortez, whom I once thought might conceivably fill the gap left by Rudolph Valentino as an ideal screen lover, is cast as an admirer who believes in marriage only for other people. A character who does get away with it is Charles Butterworth as a perpetually inebriated friend of the hero; he is at any rate quite human, and can, if abnormally soaked, at least appear normal mentally.

MUCH more amusing is another sophisticated comedy entitled "Don't Bet on Women," which, of course, might apply to horses or, indeed, anything else. Through a series of circumstances a trusting husband, excellently played by Roland Young, is led into a bet that a man about town, also well acted by Edmund Lowe, will not kiss his wife in forty-eight hours. Unfortunately, the wife (Loretta Young) discovers the bet, and tries to lead them both a dance. Finally, she nearly falls for the admirer, but he preserves his honour—not to mention hers. It is all backed up by very bright dialogue, and is more subtle and intelligent than the usual comedy of its type. The trusting husband learns that to trust a woman is a very poor commentary on her charm. I do not know what the admirer learnt, nor what the wife learnt, but I feel somehow

Ann Harding runs away with her lover to Vienna. A scene with Clive Brook in the film version, made by Fox, of the famous melodrama, "East Lynne," which will be shown in London shortly

they did not need to know much more than the audience learnt.

IF it had not been for Maurice Elvey's direction and the acting I do not think I should have found much interest in the picturisation of "Potiphar's Wife," which has been given a première run at the Regal. After all, amorous women who try to intrigue their chauffeurs because they have elderly husbands do not form much of a basis even for a straight comedy plot. On the other hand, the dialogue is bright enough, and there is a court scene which is brilliantly produced, when the aforesaid luckless chauffeur is acquitted of assault. Counsel for the defence is Donald Calthrop, and he gives a performance that is really outstanding; the programme does not even mention his name.

"What is this thing I've got the symptoms of? Shouldn't wonder maybe it's love." These are the words of the popular foxtrot song, "Maybe it's Love," sung by Joan Bennett and Joe E. Brown in Warner Brothers' film of that name

Lady Diana (Nora Swinburne), the bored wife, is not bored enough to invite her admirer (Walter Armitage), into the house. A scene from B.I.P.'s film version of the stage play, "Potiphar's Wife"

LAURENCE OLIVIER is good as the chauffeur, and Nora Swinburne does extremely well as the amorous lady. I liked, too, Elsa Lanchester as a discreet French maid, and Henry Wenman as a model butler. Guy Newall, Ronald Frankau, and Norman McKinnell are not too well served with parts, but as a whole there is a polish and technical cleverness about the picture which disguises its thin plot and gives it an air of sophistication which is too often lacking in British production.

"MOROCCO," a story of the French Foreign Legion, adapted from the play "Amy Jolly," by Benne Vigny, takes the place of "The Playboy of Paris" at the Carlton. It presents Marlene Dietrich, the famous German actress, in her first American film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, the director of "Paying the Penalty" and "The Last Command." I propose to deal with it fully next week.

Lady Diana (Nora Swinburne) bored with her dull husband, and having failed in her attempt to vamp the new chauffeur (Laurence Olivier), raises the alarm and accuses him of breaking into her room, in a scene from B.I.P.'s film, "Potiphar's Wife"

Bertram Park

DE GROOT AND HIS VIOLIN

Photographed with some members of his orchestra round him at the New Victoria Picture Palace, of which he is musical director and solo violinist. During the fifteen weeks he has been there De Groot has played before over half a million people. The popularity of such music, which has been given a special turn at the New Victoria Palace, is a healthy sign of the times, and proves that it pays to engage well-known musicians, as exemplified above and in the case of Roy Fox at Manchester, rather than to rely on the "canned music" which it was thought at one time would permanently oust British musicians from their posts

PARIS GOSSIP

Our artist, A. Galland, satirises the fuss made over Charlie Chaplin in Paris by showing him in cinema guise being hunted by the boar, and "all dolled up" in company with the Duke of Westminster, whose guest he was at Saint Saëns, turning the tables on the quarry

A CABARET, A CARTOONIST, AND A COMEDIAN

BY SYLVIA LYON

AFTER two utterly happy hours watching Eddie Cantor through "Whoopee" at the little Cinema du Panthéon, I found myself sitting dejectedly before the Dome, and when somebody suggested going to the cabaret "L'Ange Bleu" just around the corner in the Boulevard Edgar Quinet, I shuddered. There could be nothing really good in this part of town. But a door opened and through a haze of smoke I felt that Paris was coming to life again; this was as good as the Grand Ecart was two years ago on Friday nights, and this wasn't even a Friday night. The decorative effect has the spontaneity, and the presentation has the enjoyment, produced by those universal little boys who have built a cabin in a back-yard. Gilt paper has been flung hastily on the walls where cut-out cherubs, very German, fly, accompanied by winged dachshunds.

THE lights are swathed in billows of white mosquito netting naïvely expressing clouds. Two pianos stand in skyscraper form, one atop the other, in set-back fashion, an American girl playing at one, while a negress, vaguely called Dinah, stands atop the other and sings not, thank God, "Dinah." She sings "Love for Sale." Then she descends to the floor and walks about singing "Give Me Something to Remember You By," and is the only singer I have ever heard who, stopping before your table and singing to you, doesn't make you feel embarrassed. A very black negro hidden behind the pianos enjoys her singing as much as the audience, and now and then interpolates an "Oh, yeah!" Once or twice during

Wide World

The camera record of Charlie Chaplin and the Duke of Westminster out hunting differs in some slight respects from the imaginative study of the same incident as pictured by our artist above

L.N.A.

Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador, after attending the reception to Charlie Chaplin, is seen leaving the French Foreign Office, doubtless fully alive to the world-wide importance of this social function

the evening the German proprietor sits at the piano and plays the waltz from "The Blue Angel." He has to, I suppose, in order to keep up the right atmosphere.

It is the kind of place where everybody goes, dressed anyhow, either with the informality that is so chic in Paris, or dressed coming from the theatre, and when anybody comes in from the theatre these evenings it is either from *La Vie Parisienne* at the Mogador, or *Pierre ou Jack?* at the Athenée.

WHEN I saw Sem, the cartoonist, at the studio of José-Maria Sert the other day I asked him casually: "What do you think of America," knowing that on his recent return from New York he refused to make any statements. "It is an astonishing spectacle of beauty and ugliness," he said. "Wall Street and Park Avenue are magnificent, and only a few yards away from marvellous buildings you see houses that are nothing but chocolat" (chocolat is French for "a mess").

The Bay of Angels at Nice with two of them enjoying the soft breezes and beautiful view from one of the terraces of the Palais de la Mediterranée. With the "angels" is M. Monti H. Lule, founder of the popular 400 Club

Keystone

Royalty goes hunting. A picture of the Queen of Spain at the start of the big fox hunt recently held in the Vanta de la Rubia, near Madrid

"AND the *people*," he went on. "I was staying with W. Whitney Warren, the architect, and through him I met the most delightful people, and then again I met the most *terrible* people." "Names, please?" I asked. "The *worst* are the journalists. . . . They ask the most absurd questions, and made my life a hell, for, no matter what I said, they reported me as saying something else. American journalists are disgusting." "They are, indeed," I agreed with enthusiasm. "New York," Sem simply spluttered, refusing an offer of chicken sandwiches and sherry, "New York! The people of New York aren't a people; they are a population." Just then Madame Sert approached, and as I realised at once she was about to do the right thing by her girl friend and tell him that I write for THE BYSTANDER, I had to give her a kick on the ankle, for the revelation might have caused embarrassment even to a man like Sem, and I did not want the prevailing harmony to suffer on *my* account.

WHEN Charlie Chaplin arrived in Paris from Vienna and stepped out on to a balcony of the Hôtel Crillon, it was like a seven-league-booted step in history. For it was from this same outlook over the Place de la Concorde that Marie Antoinette, also arrived from Vienna, smiled her first greeting to her Parisian public.

AFTER bowing to the crowds gathered below, Chaplin vanished and did what certainly no Sunday gathering of the French populace expected him to do—he took a bath, but no singing in it was reported. His staying at an hotel was his inauguration of the unexpected, for he was supposed to visit Lady Mendl. The following day, before taking the train for a twenty-four-hour stay, including a boar hunt, with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Saint Saëns, Chaplin was the guest of Briand at the Quai d'Orsay.

THE lunch party was small, and there certainly were no bores there, for there was the Princesse Lucien Murat, née Rohan-Chabot, who has the best sense of humour in all languages of any woman in Paris, the Comtesse de Noailles, Lord Tyrrell, the Prince and Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme, the Comte de Chambrun, French Ambassador to Turkey, the Philippe Berthelots, and Tristan Bernard.

S. L.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A PERIPATETIC PAINTER, PLOTS AND POLES

By "Junius"

MR. P. TENNYSON COLE

The famous portrait painter, whose entertaining book of reminiscences, "Vanity Varnished," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Hutchinson at 21s.

MR. BARTON HEWITT

Whose novel, "Valiance" (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.), is discussed in this article. It deals with a young lord who is "something in the City"

WAS there ever a more peripatetic artist than Mr. Tennyson Cole? In his forty years' career he seems to have solved the question of perpetual motion, painting the portraits of notable folk all over the world. His reminiscences, *Vanity Varnished* (Hutchinson: 21s.), make most interesting and diverting reading, and, incidentally, throw sidelights on little weaknesses of the truly great.

For instance, when he painted his famous portrait of King Edward in Garter robes, which now hangs at Windsor Castle, the King thought his eyes should be bluer, "much bluer, as a matter of fact, than they really were." "Make them bluer," said the King. "I would like them to look bluer." Then Lord Milner, who sat to the artist in South Africa, insisted on non-existent hair appearing in his portrait; and Joseph Chamberlain objected to a wrinkle near his mouth.

"Surely, Mr. Cole," he demurred, "there is no line so heavy as that on my face! Please take it out."

MR. COLE tells an amusing story, on the authority of Sir Thomas Lipton, of a surprise visit paid by King Edward to Andrew Carnegie at Skibo. Carnegie had warning of the visit, and decided to have the National Anthem played on a magnificent organ as the King entered. This happened with due effect. All would have been well, but a screen in front of the organ fell down, disclosing the organist dripping wet in a bathing-suit and shivering with cold. The unfortunate man had been in the swimming-bath when hastily summoned to honour his sovereign. A really delightful book of memoirs this, keenly observant and always kindly.

AS a matter of curiosity I should like to know whether some of our most modern novelists conceive their plots with an eye to épater les bourgeois, or from the point of view of propaganda. Take, for example, *Fancy's Followers*, by Jeniffer Davis (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.). Briefly, this is the story. An actress, who already has a lover of the friendly description, falls in love with a curate. The story of Adam and Eve is repeated. The curate is filled with remorse—but continues to be Adam. Then he marries his vicar's daughter, and becomes a Labour M.P. Meanwhile, the actress has leapt into fame in a single night. Once more the ex-curate falls. Result: the now-famous actress is in the category of "unmarried mothers." So far, so good—from the story point of view. But here comes in an astonishing departure. The actress tells everybody what is going to happen, from her manager and her parents downwards. And nobody seems to mind, except the ex-curate's mother, who does say some apposite and very winged words.

The woman dies in childbirth, but the child lives. Now, what is the object of such a book? Is it supposed to be a story with a moral, or just merely an exploitation of sex?

THEN into the same gallery comes Mr. Cosmo Hamilton with *Happenings* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.). Frankly, I consider Mr. Hamilton's central situation impossible. After a year's marriage Rosita Moreland persuades her husband to let her divorce him because he does not make her happy. His typist, without blinking an eyelid, offers herself as the "woman unknown." The divorce takes place, Moreland and the typist, of course, being innocent, woolly lambs. Then he takes the typist and his sister to his villa at Mentone, where he had spent his honeymoon with his wife. Arrived there, they find the divorced Mrs. Moreland with the man she is going to marry and a party of friends already installed! I ask you, is it conceivable that even a feather-headed creature like Rosita would use the house of a man she had divorced just as if it were her own, and without even asking his permission? And who was going to pay the house bills?

CERTAINLY, Rosita was odd. She had a habit of lying flat on her stomach under a bush in Hyde Park talking to the earth for three hours on end. Mr. Hamilton, obviously, has forgotten what the sheep look like in Hyde Park. His heroine's cleaners' bill must have been prodigious. In the end husband and wife come together again. Apart from the plot and the impossible situation at Mentone, the book has all Mr. Hamilton's cleverness in the presentation of social types, although sometimes he goes out of his way to scarify a few individuals as if they were a representative section. But the plot! Oh! Mr. Hamilton!

MR. BARTON HEWITT, I think, is the first author to take the ever-increasing stream of young aristocrats who leave ancestral homes for City desks as the central theme of a novel. And he has done it very well in *Valiance* (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.), which tells of the history and love experience of Lord Roster, the heir to

Mr. Clifford Warren Smith and his wife, the attractive stage and film actress, Miss Claire Luce, on a visit to the Sphinx during a holiday in Egypt. They have now returned to Paris, where they have taken a flat for the Season

an earldom, badly crippled by modern conditions. A story with the real spirit of romance. But sometimes Mr. Hewitt it not "in the picture," as in the perpetual references to his hero's father as "the Earl," nor do countesses ever speak of their husbands as "the Earl." A trifling mistake, and of no importance to the story, but at times it spoils the reality of the atmosphere.

FROM revolutionary and exile to Siberia to Field-Marshal and Dictator sounds like fiction. But the War brought it about, as you may read in *Joseph Pilsudski: The Memories of a Polish Revolutionary and Soldier,* written by himself and translated by D. R. Gillie, foreign correspondent of *The Morning Post* (Faber: 21*s.*). Unlike most memoirs, these are not merely recollections, but records of events in his amazing career, written at the time they happened. Born of the Polish gentry, the Field-Marshal was brought up with a hatred of Russia, and when he was twenty was arrested with his brother in connection with an attempt on the life of the Czar Alexander III, in which they were accidentally involved. He was sentenced to five years' exile in Eastern Siberia. Then he became an active Socialist. Thirty-six years ago the Field-Marshal was in London, and there is an interesting photograph of him at this period, showing him sitting at the same table with the present President of the Polish Republic. The whirligig of time! If you are interested in a vivid picture of how the War affected Poland, and all the events that led to the formation of the Republic, as well as the life record of one of the outstanding personalities of Europe, I recommend you to read this book. Mr. Gillie's translator's notes are most helpful.

COSMO HAMILTON

The famous novelist about whose latest book, "Happenings," our reviewer says some pertinent things in this article. It is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d.

COLETTE has a reputation all her own in Paris, but I've read far more entertaining stories by her than *Renée Néré,* translated by Charlotte Remfrey Kidd (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). To begin with, there is no reason why a French woman in the heroine's position, who has divorced her husband, should go on the music-hall stage. And opinion in France about music-hall artists being very different from what it is in England, I doubt very much if she would. But I suspect Colette of taking this as a peg for a series of "life behind the scenes," of cafés chantants and the lesser kind of variety house. These scenes are vivid, but one does get weary of the endless self-introspection of the heroine. The novel is well translated, but obviously has lost much of its lightness of touch in passing from one language to another.

Some Books Worth Reading

The Erl King, by Edwin Granbury (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The scene is laid in Florida. There are delightful descriptions of scenery.

Heart of the North, by William Byron Mowery (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.*). An exciting story of life in the north of Canada. A fur raid by the Canadian Mounted Police is new to English readers.

The Scented Garden, by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde (Medici Society: 10*s.* 6*d.*). A book all garden lovers should have in their libraries.

Malice Aforethought, by Francis Iles (Mundamus: 3*s.*). The writer is said to be a famous novelist using a pseudonym. A thrilling and original story of a double murder, the reader knowing the murderer's intentions.

Ra-Tau, Father of Lions, by Casalis de Pury, translated by Reginald R. Merton (Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Although this will have an irresistible appeal to all big-game hunters, it has breathless adventures in the African bush for the ordinary reader. One or two of the lion stories, however, seem a little "tall."

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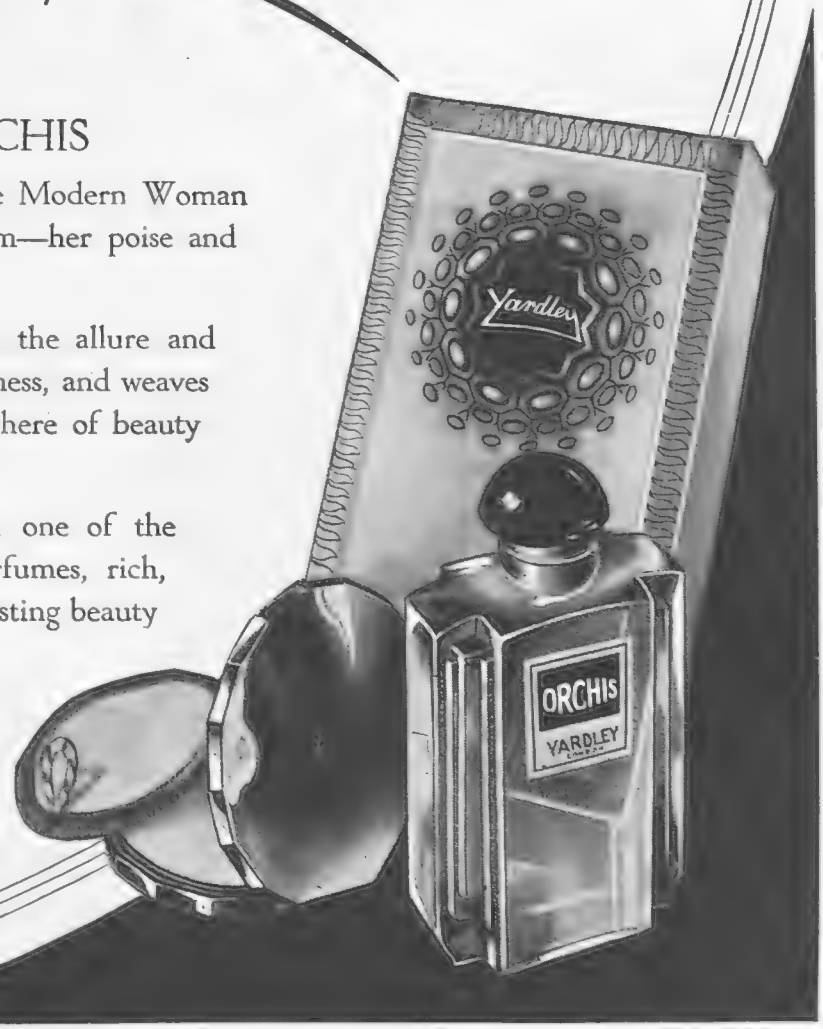

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FLYING NOTES

LONG-DISTANCE TOURING MADE EASY

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

Photopress

Prince and Princess Takamatsu of Japan with Colonel the Master of Sempill at Hanworth Park, the headquarters of National Flying Services. The Princess later went up for her first flight, being flown by the Master of Sempill in the Puss Moth seen behind them

The Wayside Pump

GOOD petrol gauges as a standard fitting on cars and the establishment of numerous filling stations on all main roads have caused the unsightly petrol tin strapped on the running board to disappear. In the air, tins of petrol are useless unless an emergency landing is made for refuelling, consequently international air routes are equipped with landing grounds between terminals where full service is available. The two most popular long distance routes from England are those to Australia and South Africa. The ground organisation, even to-day, is such that a private owner can fly over them in relatively short stages, certainly without the necessity for more than eight hours petrol on the longest. On the African route, as arranged by Shell Mex for Imperial Airways, there are between 40 and 50 wayside pumps or dumps, all of which are available to light 'plane and air liner alike. This is but one example of the service rendered to aviation generally by the great petrol and oil companies, in addition to which they have financed long distance flights and record attempts without number

News From the Far East

A FLYING club has been started at Kuala Lumpur, in the Federated Malay States, subsidised by the local Government to the extent of 40,000 dollars a year for the first year, and 25,000 dollars a year for a further four. With this encouragement flying rates should be low, and all local people will have an opportunity to qualify as pilots. The club possesses a Gipsy Moth, and two others are on their way. Mr. Robert Coupland, the chief instructor, writes to say that he has 27 members under instruction already, and nearly 50 hours' flying was carried out during the first two weeks after he arrived. A temporary aerodrome is being used belonging to the Selango Turf Club, whilst the Government contracts a permanent airport. The Singapore Club, using Moth seaplanes, has been running for some time, and visitors from home will find that the local air conditions are very well explored.

Photopress

MISS DELPHINE REYNOLDS

Who has arrived in West Africa in her Bluebird light 'plane en route for Cape Town. She is the daughter of Colonel Sir James Reynolds, Bart., M.P. for the Exchange Division of Liverpool

British Aircraft Abroad

THE exhibition of British machines in Buenos Aires, both service and civil types, has given a great impetus to our foreign trade in aircraft, already a significant item in the national export figures. A number of Fairey's with the Napier Lion engine, similar to that used on official occasions by the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister, are being delivered to the Greek Navy. The Westland "Wapiti," another machine favoured by Royalty for official tours, has been demonstrating in South America. The Fairey "Firefly" and "Fox" are being standardised in Belgium.

The Prince Sets the Pace

THE example set by the Prince of Wales in South America by flying whenever possible has certainly put the young Argentines on their mettle. The Moth being known and flown in almost every country in the world, it is not surprising that good orders have been booked at the Exhibition. Armstrong Siddeley's had an "Atlas," and A. V. Roe's sent the Avian and the new training machine 626, which is the last word in design for advanced pupils. The Bristol Company, Rolls-Royce and Vickers had exhibits of their latest models. The last named has sent a "Vespa" with a Bristol Jupiter engine to China, where the Nationalist Government is sadly in need of modern aircraft to police its vast territory and produce some sort of order out of the present state of chaos. Four of the "Vespa" type with Siddeley Jaguar engines are on order for Ireland.

Around the Clubs

THE sudden burst of spring in the middle of last month was responsible for a large number of first solos, the Cinque Ports having no less than six in eight days. Mr E. H. Newman has been instructing and the club has started the flying season by beating all its previous records. Lt.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, the director of Civil Aviation, is the new President of the British Gliding Association, whose address is 44a, Dover Street, where intending members should apply for information. The Customs Officers at Heston have been kept busy during the last few weeks passing out a number of private owners flying direct to the Continent. Captain Dan Cameron is on his way to Nairobi with the Avro V for Wilson Air Lines. The new Meteor with a metal fusilage, built by Blackburns, looks a very smart piece of work, and, incidentally, is more efficient, carrying a pay load of 350 pounds more than its predecessor.

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SHOOTING NOTES

"SOMETHING IN THE WIND"

Above is seen a reproduction of the study of Highland deer by Mr. H. Frank Wallace, the well-known artist, an exhibition of whose work opens at the Greatorex Galleries on May 1. Mr. Wallace is an expert on deer-stalking, on which subject he has written books and articles

THE NEW VOGUE IN GUNS

By Max Baker

An accusation has for long been levelled against gunmakers to the effect that they have made no notable improvement in their product for more than a generation past, approximately since the ejector became general, say, since the early 'nineties. There is a measure both of truth and of untruth in the accusation, but as a generalisation it is true. There have been many changes in detail, all directed towards and achieving better serviceable qualities. More important still has been the progressive change of weight towards lighter and better-balanced guns. True, no valid patent can be based on dimensions, yet many important developments have been based on that factor alone. The modern gun lends itself, as did none of its predecessors, to the modern style of shooting—more nippy and with the swing a good deal curtailed. Clay bird practice has developed the style that suits driving. Guns have been specialised to the same end.

At the present juncture we are up against a more drastic revision than has ever before occurred. Earlier changes have been based on little bits saved here and there, impalpable to the eye, retaining or even adding to essential strength, but always imparting extra liveliness to the weapon.

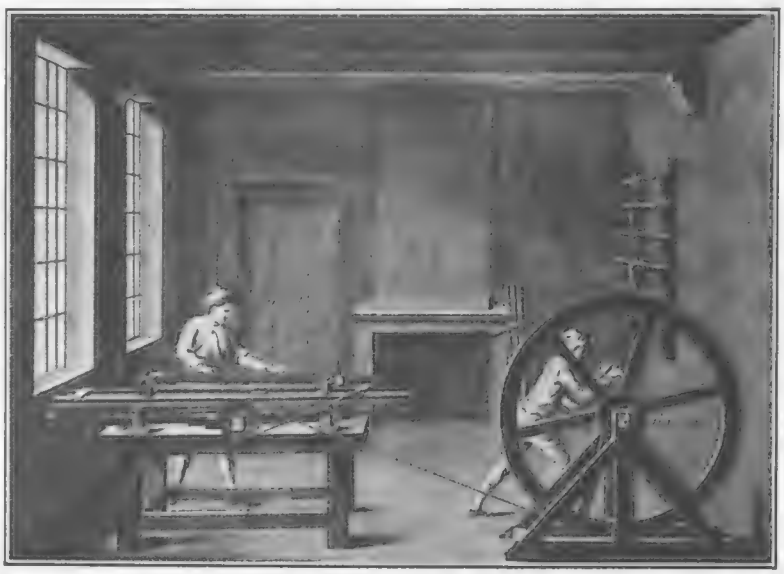
The latest change hits the eye. High authority in every circle pronounces it a success. Those who at first belittled it as a freak have joined the enthusiasts. Guns with short barrels have been made sporadically for many years past, but only lately have they been seriously tried out by sportsmen whose competence is unquestioned. For a long time they stood aloof, preferring to be on the safe side and avoid tampering with their hard-won skill. So many of their number had gone to pieces when attacked by the disease, "gun restlessness," as to make them nervous of infection. Now that the change-over has been proved safe there is general heart-searching, with a chorus of admission that the one-time favourite has too much unresponsive dead weight—in a word, that there really is opening for improvement.

Our celebrated makers have tackled the problem on first principles. They designed their gun de novo and then induced some of the more experienced of their customers to apply critical tests to the models they had produced. As a result there is no set length for the short barrel; individuality has had free scope, not only as regards the precise length adopted but how it shall be expressed in terms of tube stiffness and to what extent action, stock, and the ideal of perfect fit shall be modified in harmony.

With the London season just commencing the occasion is suitable for making a round of calls, to hear what each has to say on the subject, and to judge by direct contact how the various competing models handle. Gunmakers are not overburdened with orders in the present difficult time, and would welcome all who are seriously interested.

A saying nearly as old as the hills is that nine out of ten misses are below. With the shortened barrel the common error changes from minus to a risk of plus. If a man destructively inclined were to shoot a gun with full-length barrels at a mark, and with a hack-saw cut off successive pieces two inches

(Continued on page 94)



By way of contrast to the modern guns and latest methods of gunmaking, discussed by Mr. Max Baker in the accompanying article, we reproduce above an engraving of an old-time gunmaker. Before the advent of lathes and such-like modern aids to accurate workmanship, the task of the craftsman was both arduous and difficult

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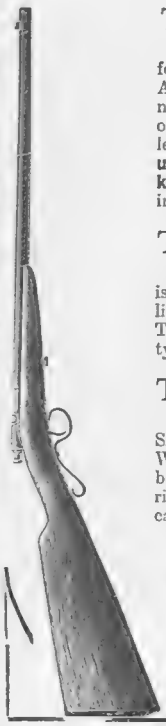
SHOOTING FOR THE BOY WITH HIS "FIRST GUN"



THE GAME

The game is just beginning for the boy with his first gun. And what a game it is! He will never know a greater pride in ownership nor any greater thrill. There is, however, one lesson he must learn—**Never point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at any living thing that you do NOT intend to kill.** Remember a .22 short bullet will penetrate a one inch soft pine board at 400 yards.

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SHOOTING NOTES (continued from page 92)

long, he would soon find the gun shoot ridiculously high. There may be a magic length for all, it may vary with the individual; what is certain is that the old guns shot rather low, and that stocks were made rather too straight for real snugness in order to correct the defect.

Handling qualities a man may judge in the shop, charge delivery must be tested at clays; the rest, with one exception, can be decided on the experience so gained.

RECOIL is the exception upon which no opinion can be formed away from the heat of battle. In these days when high velocity is by many considered essential recoil is a very important matter, and one that goes much deeper than the pencil-and-paper scientist realises. What is condemned as recoil by the shooter is often severe barrel vibration, a disturbance likely to be at a maximum with long barrels which have been attenuated to slender wall thickness in order to attain a high standard of balance. Short barrels lend themselves to sturdiness and so alter profoundly the whole system of vibrations. How it works out in practice cannot be decided with shooting ground loads and the intensive rate of fire there indulged. It must be tried at the real thing.

WITHOUT being dogmatic I would venture the opinion that with correctly dimensioned short barrels the recoil that counts—that is, the recoil you feel—will be moderate compared with the figures of scientific measurement or calculation. Both are necessarily estimates, because no measurement can be applied to a gun fired naturally from the shoulder.

Experts have finished their task. Experiment by each individual sportsman will alone decide the measure of advantage he can gain.

MAX BAKER.

A view of the popular Palace Hotel at Torquay, in whose grounds the Second Annual Small Course Championship will be played on April 25 and the following day. All the players taking part in this competition will also compete in an 18 holes Medal Competition over the links of the Manor Hotel, Bovey Tracey, on April 27, and as the competitors in these events include most of the leading players, plenty of good sport will be enjoyed

"Have you heard the tale of the absent-minded professor who went to step into his car and found it was not there?"

"No; but did you hear of the man who struck a match to see if he had switched off the electric light?"

* * *

We suppose an Eskimo wakes up at half-past February and rolls over and sleeps for a few more months.

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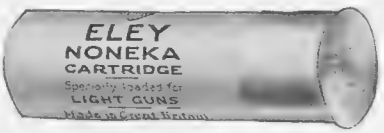

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Single Barrel Guns, Ejectors, from	£22	10s.	0d
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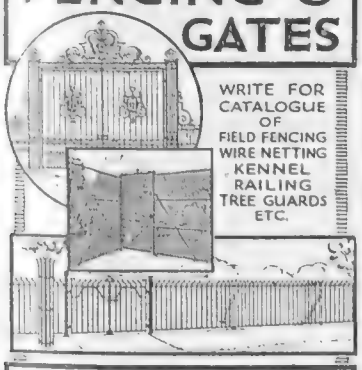

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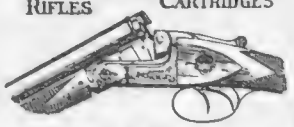

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MAKERS OF
HIGH GRADE GUNS

NEWLY DESIGNED LIGHT MODEL GUNS—fitted free at our Shooting Grounds, Hendon; where coaching and Gun practice under expert instructors are carried on, and shooting in the off-season can be indulged in.

DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE ON GUNS FREE ON APPLICATION.

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Have you seen the new
COLOURED HANDLE FISH EATERS
(½ Doz. pairs in dainty pedded box)

From 2/4 in a range of colours at usual shops

MADE BY
RODGERS

If any difficulty please send retailer's name to—
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Ltd., Sheffield.

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DOGS

COMMON SENSE for CANINES By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is so little common sense in the world that it is perhaps, not surprising how wanting people are in this matter in their dealings with dogs. After all, to keep the average dog happy does not require more than an ordinary amount of sense, but I am afraid that the poor beasts often suffer from our foolishness.

Have you ever stopped to consider whether you, yourself, do treat your dog with common sense? Do you feed him regularly? Do you see that his water is fresh and the bowl scalded out every day? Do you refrain from feeding him with tit-bits at meals, and do you give him regular exercise every day? Not much more than this is needed to keep a dog happy—that and a good deal of common sense utilised on your own part.

Photopress

Doggy boarders at a famous kennels at Haslemere leaving their "modern residential houses" for their morning constitutional. Life under such pleasant conditions enables them to bear up manfully during their owners' temporary absence

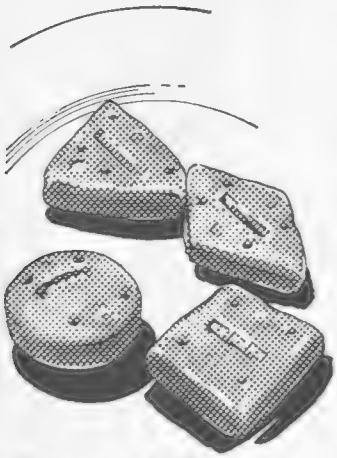
THERE are so many ways in which the average dog-owner forgets to take that daily dose. For instance, have you realised that it is useless and cruel to take a dog for walks at different times every day. His interior economy becomes accustomed to function at certain hours, and it makes him livery and ill if he can't attend to his natural needs at the same time. I am referring, of course, to the town dog. The country dog is able to disport himself in the garden. But if you live in a town you should make a point of giving your dog his walk at as nearly as possible the same time, for it will make both for his own comfort and yours.

ANOTHER point where I have seen many owners fail is the manner in which they allow their dogs to jump all over them when they are wearing old clothes, and then lose their temper because the unfortunate animal does not realise the difference between tidy garments and those which are of no account. It is a good rule to make that a dog is never allowed to jump up on anybody. You can easily teach him not to do so, and then it is taught kindly, and the dog is not subjected to a scolding which he cannot understand and which, to his mind, is uncalled for.

IT is ridiculous to allow dogs to lie on chairs and sofas, for they cover them with hairs and make them impossible for human beings, but, at the same time, common sense decrees that the dog shall have somewhere of his own, whether it is a basket or a bed. Having provided this refuge for him never allow him to get on to a chair, even for a moment. It is so easy to laugh at his cunning ways, but it is far from being common sense, because the dog can't see why he should be laughed at one minute and corrected the next. But be sure that the basket or bed is out of the draught and well raised on legs off the floor.

IF an habitually clean dog makes a mistake in the house, be pretty sure that either you are to blame for not having let him out sufficiently often, or that he is out of sorts. If the latter, you must either send him to a veterinary surgeon to get cured or resign yourself to giving him a room with a sanded floor until he is better. If you live in the country, and he is accustomed to the house, you can't turn him into a draughty out-house, for that will make him worse, but, of course, if he has a comfortable kennel, you can keep him there until he is better.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.



Dogs like variety

When a dog is a shy feeder, conquer his shyness with Spillers SHAPES—the little assorted biscuits with 4 SHAPES and 4 flavours. *Wheatmeal*—crisp and crunchy for the teeth, yet not too hard. *Super*—the vitamin biscuit for strength. *Fruit*—with real fruit in it for the digestion. And *Ginger*—a genuine ginger biscuit for appetite. What an assortment! What an Oliver Twist they'll make him!

Spillers
SHAPES

In packets and bags 5d. and 1/-; and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, JACOB ST., LONDON, S.E.1. (Branch of Spillers Limited)

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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IF HAMLET'S PROBLEM

had been the choice of a fine old 'Scotch,' he would never have exclaimed 'To be or not to be?' When it's a question of good whisky it's sure 'to be'—

KING GEORGE IV

1176 B

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

CONFIDENTIALLY...

Between yourself and your frock is your underwear, and the look of the first can easily be marred if the second is not most carefully chosen both for material and for design. When buying lingerie see that the material is such, that it will not conspire to defeat the line of to-day's vogue.

COURTAULDS
SERACETA

Look for Courtaulds House Mark when choosing underwear

The best makers of Lingerie use Courtaulds Rayon because it possesses the essential qualities of softness and resilience combined with strength to resist wear and wash. Courtaulds Rayon, which is entirely British, is the finest foundation for foundation garments.

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Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to Correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Pysycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone, no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

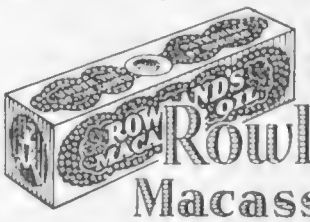
In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words, as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address, plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 511), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

Lustrous hair

Give your hair the lustrous beauty of perfect health. Feed its roots every day with the rich, health-giving nourishment of Rowland's Macassar Oil, the hair's most perfect beautifier. Remember, good health gives your hair beauty that lasts.



Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

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A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

BAD-NAUHEIM

Near Frankfurt am Main. From Victoria, 21 hours.

The World's Heart-curing Spa

Equally beneficial for Arterio Sclerosis, Spinal Complaints, Nervous Disorders, Rheumatism, Gout, Disturbances of the Respiratory Organs.

Saline Thermal Springs, rich in carbonic acid.

A charming and restful place.

Plenty of Amusements.—Outdoor Sports.

A new large golf course will be opened

Summer, 1931

Divine Service in the English St. John's Church from May till September.

For all particulars apply to the Special Representative, R. O. Rohme, 90, Sheaveshill Avenue, Colindale, London, N.W.9, or to German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, S.W.1, and tourist offices.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A SUMMER ENSEMBLE

A new artificial silk fabric, known by the name of locknit, makes this ensemble from Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road. The ground is white and the pattern is expressed in attractive shades of yellow, blue and red. The coat is of a new wool fabric faced with locknit. It is a gilt-edge investment, as the entire outfit is merely five guineas

Tailored Suits and Silk Frocks

This distinctive coiffure, in which Fashion's commands are mirrored, was created by Madame Charles, of the International Hair Co.

The Slimming Tailor-made

THE Spring tailor-mades are admirable exponents of sophisticated simplicity. They may be divided into two classes: those that are carried out in a stockinette weave with a tweed or other effect; materials at this date in the calendar are seldom what they seem. In the other class must be placed those built of suitings tweeds and homespuns. The art of the tailor is plainly discernible in the clever slimming conceits introduced. There are coats and skirts, dresses and coats, and cardigans and jumpers.

Concerning the Skirts

THE skirts are always arranged so that there is no fullness in the vicinity of the hips; panels of pleats appear on one or both sides just above the knee level. There is a new flounce which forms an integral part of the skirt; it does not begin until the knees are passed, and is arranged with inverted box pleats that remain unnoticed until the wearer moves. Pipings are arranged in envelope and other forms to aid in the good work of slimming. There is a narrow band at the waist, which is very carefully finished in case it should be necessary to wear the skirt with a tuck-in blouse. There are many variations on the trousered theme; apparently the ambition of the wearers is to camouflage the division; nevertheless, they see to it that perfect freedom of movement is available.

Some are Long and Some Short

THE long coat is as fashionable as ever, and, generally speaking, is of a heavier material than the dress. Suppose that the latter is of printed crêpe de Chine, then the coat would be of black wool marocain lined with the same material as the dress. Seven-eighth coats are coming into their own again. A new note is struck by a coat with a basque; in colour it is lighter than the skirt, the accessories matching; this includes the softly falling revers, belt and cuffs. A chocolate-brown skirt looks extremely well with a café-au-lait coat. Cardigans are tailored, and, as a consequence, they have many rôles to play. Again, there are blazers and double-breasted affairs which have the upper portions scooped out in spade formation.

The outstanding silhouette is almost straight, a belt demonstrating that the waist desires attention. These simple summer frocks bear the name of Celes, they are sold practically everywhere, and are companioned by jumpers and blouses in a variety of colours

Frocks that Please

FROCKS that bear the name of Celes always score a success with women who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. The frocks on this page are Celes; as will be seen, the one on the left is arranged with a miniature fichu finished with a jabot outlined with lace; cuffs edged with lace appear at the wrists. It is destined for the true feminine type of women, while the other is for those who like something that is more severe. These dresses are available in the new pastel shades. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are all British, and are guaranteed to wash and wear extremely well. There are a variety of other models in which the latest dictates of Fashion are mirrored; by the way, they are sold practically everywhere. The Celes shirts and jumpers are so well known that to write about them would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that they are absolutely indispensable occupants of the summer wardrobe.

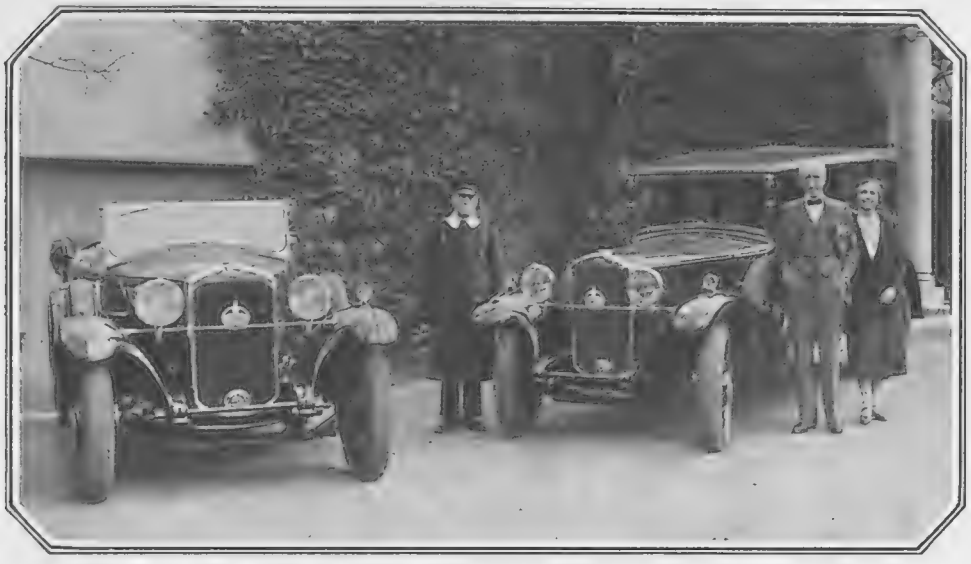
The Advantage of a Transformation

THERE is no doubt about it that the advantages of a transformation are self-evident, and therefore all women must be grateful to Madame Charles, 9, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., for creating chefs-d'œuvre at extremely moderate prices. Everyone must write for the interesting booklet; it will be sent gratis and post free. It is splendid news that there are all-round transformations for 50*s.*, while semi-transformations are 25*s.*; they can be arranged to show the natural parting if desired.

Superfluous Hair

THE permanent removal of superfluous hair by a method which is guaranteed both painless and safe is achieved by using Gypsia Eau Pilophage. This treatment has a reputation of nearly a quarter of a century, and has been widely used in France and the United States. It consists of two waters—No. 1, which removes the hair; No. 2 killing the roots, thus preventing new growth. They can be obtained from Madame Sueur, the sole distributor for Great Britain, 35, Albemarle Street, W.1.

MOTOR NOTES



Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy-Designate of India, and Lady Willingdon with the two Humber cars he has purchased from Messrs. Roote's, Ltd., for use in India

CHAOS AND CONSERVATISM

By E. M. Wright

THE introduction of a comprehensive Bill for the control of London's traffic, and the reappearance of the much-discussed Highway Code, once more call attention to the chaotic state of traffic in this country. In no branch of government is our conservative parochialism so strongly marked as in the administration of our roads. From the days when each parish controlled the surrounding country lanes, till the present time when these country lanes have become links in national highways, we have left it to local authorities to form their own by-laws, maintain their own local police, and organise traffic as, and how, they think fit.

***

AT a time when roads were almost entirely for the use of local residents, lack of uniformity in road law was of little or no consequence. Road users in each district knew their own district's laws. That other localities enforced different rules did not matter. Nowadays, on the other hand, a motorist in a normal day's run will pass through a dozen different towns, each with its own petty rules and regulations; and in any one of these towns a single slip is enough to involve him in a court case and probably an annoying fine. As is so often the case in this country, our traffic "system" (if system it may be called) has developed according to no standard plan. The parochial system which served well enough in the 'nineties is utterly inadequate for the vastly different conditions of 1931.

***

MANY of our by-laws are badly out of date, but, as everyone knows, it is as hard to amend or abolish a by-law as it is to amend or abolish an Act of Parliament. The older the law, the greater the prejudice against change. All the more reason, therefore, why we should establish the law of the road on a sensible, progressive basis, whilst conditions are still in a state of flux and have not become set and stereotyped.

***

JUST as bewildering as the diversity of our by-laws is the lack of uniformity in automatic signalling systems. These may be placed almost anywhere in or around a street crossing, and the conventions and rules with regard to their use vary from town to town. By their failure to organise a national system of traffic signal devices, the authorities have lost yet another opportunity of arriving at that uniformity in road usage which is essential to progress. For this there is no excuse. Automatic signalling is in its very infancy. Its development was always easily forseeable. In the beginning the different towns were admittedly experimenting, yet, seemingly, neither the Ministry nor the Councils concerned had the foresight to pool their experience or to co-operate to devise a standard system throughout the country.

***

THE installation of automatic signalling has become a mania in the provinces. Not only are some of the systems mechanically unsuitable, but in many cases expensive installations have been set up which, far from helping to ease the flow of traffic, definitely cause delay and obstruction. At the best of times automatic signals are a poor substitute for point-duty policemen. They are better, perhaps, than no control at all, but an incurable fault of every system so far devised is that it wastes time—æons of time at some crossings.

***

IF at a cross-roads the two intersecting streets carried an equal volume of traffic at a steady rate of flow throughout the day, then automatic signalling would be ideal. But where do such conditions apply? Traffic is always erratic. Every street has its peak hours and its slack hours, and the density of the traffic is seldom the same in both streets. No timing system can possibly adjust itself to conditions which change almost momentarily. At one part of the day there will not be sufficient time for the traffic to cross; at another vehicles will have to wait merely because the signals are against them, although not a vehicle is crossing in the other direction.

***

IT would be interesting to compute the hours that are wasted daily by such totally unnecessary delays. In

One of the two Rolls-Royce cars which tied with another Rolls-Royce for the Grand Prix d'Honneur for the finest car at the Cannes Concours d'Elégance. The judges found it so difficult to award the prize in favour of one Rolls that they took the unusual course of bracketing both cars as joint winners of the supreme prize

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

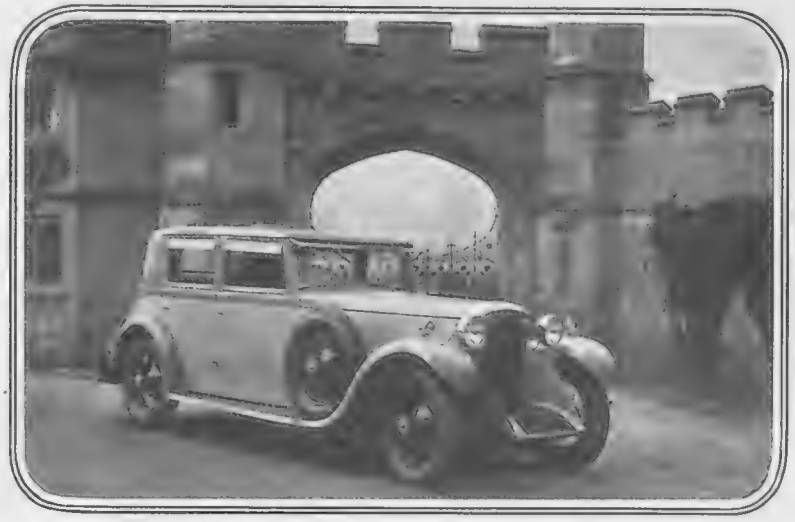
Bedford, for example, where I passed a few weeks ago, I was held up for quite a long time at one deserted cross-roads in order, apparently, to allow a flurry of dust to swirl across an empty space. This spot is apparently notorious, for I have received complaints about it from other readers of these pages, and it is unquestionably typical of many of the automatically controlled crossings in the country.

* *
*

London has been slow to adopt automatic signalling. Frankly, I hope we shall never attempt to abolish point-duty policemen. By all means help them with coloured lights and gadgets, as at Ludgate Circus, but may we be spared the full automatic signal which says "stop" and "go" at regular intervals without the slightest regard for the state of the traffic. The policeman on point-duty holds you up only so long as is absolutely necessary. As the last vehicle crosses in one direction, buses and cars surge forward in the other. Would it be so with automatic signalling? Only in exceptional circumstances.

* *
*

Save possibly in the busiest rush hours, time would be lost at every cross-roads in London at every change of the traffic stream. A few seconds only at each crossing—but what a colossal total waste of time it would represent! Such loss of time is no vague possibility. As my experience in Bedford shows, it is a definite probability. If I read the future aright, many a town council will soon regret the money it has squandered on elaborate signalling systems. The tragedy is that so long as there is no central control, each locality must buy its experience by way of costly failure.



The Daimler 20-30 h.p. Sports Saloon, with the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear, supplied to the King of Siam. The coachwork, by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., has been specially produced to meet His Majesty's requirements

IN THE NEWS

A British "Baby" in Italy

A competitor in this year's Italian Thousand-mile Race, one of the world's greatest road events, is a standard supercharged Sports Model Austin Seven. The race will start from Brescia, in Northern Italy, on April 11. The course is from Brescia to Rome, and back again to Brescia by another route, the distance being 1,018 miles. Although the roads over which the race is held are *not* closed to the public, the winner's average last year was 62.41 m.p.h. including stops.

Touring Everywhere

The new touring map of England and Wales, prepared by the R.A.C., is published in ten separate sheets at the price of 3s. 6d. a sheet. The map is fully up to date. "A" and "B" roads are marked with their official numbers, and through roads are also clearly shown. Minor roads are shown for those who wish to avoid the main roads. The map also indicates golf and race courses, aerodromes, railway stations and places of interest to tourists.

Members of the R.A.C. who tour abroad are now issued with introduction cards. These cards give the holder the right to make full use of the touring department of any national automobile club affiliated to the International Association. Thirty-four countries, incidentally, are represented in the International Association. E. M. W.

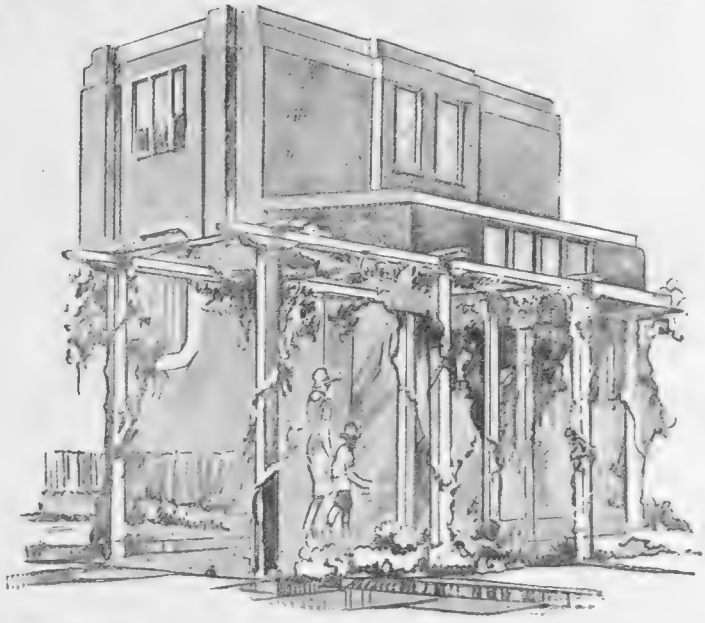
The Test of Time

It is sixty-five years since Wright's Coal Tar Soap began to be used. Generations of men and women have found this soap unequalled for the bath and general toilet use. Generations of doctors have recommended this soap as a guardian of skin-health and a preventive of infection. Wright's Coal Tar Soap has the confidence of an ever-increasing number of users the world over . . . Goodness is lasting . . . Wright's Coal Tar Soap has been subjected to the Test of Time . . . See how its reputation endures.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

6d. per tablet.

A HOME IN LONDON with . . . . .



an acre of old world garden

An acre of garden, with lawns, pergolas, peaceful glades and delightful walks: a roof garden, high above the housetops, far remote from the bustle of London life—looking down on the great city, yet as secluded, as fragrant as the countryside. This is the keynote of Berkeley Court. It is in the heart of London, and essentially modern: in the heart of London, yet recapturing all that is loveliest in country life. As for the flats, they are designed on unique lines. Spacious, airy, light, lofty: trouble saving to a degree hitherto unimagined. Every lover of beautiful homes should make a point of visiting Berkeley Court. If you cannot call yet, write for illustrated literature.

BERKELEY COURT

W·1·

BAKER STREET

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

SHRIMP COCKTAILS.

SOLE À LA TOUR D'ARGENT.

ROAST GUINEA-FOWL.

POMMES NOUVELLES—

SALADE À LA FRANÇAISE.

BAVAROISE À LA MONT IDA.

OLIVES FARCIES.

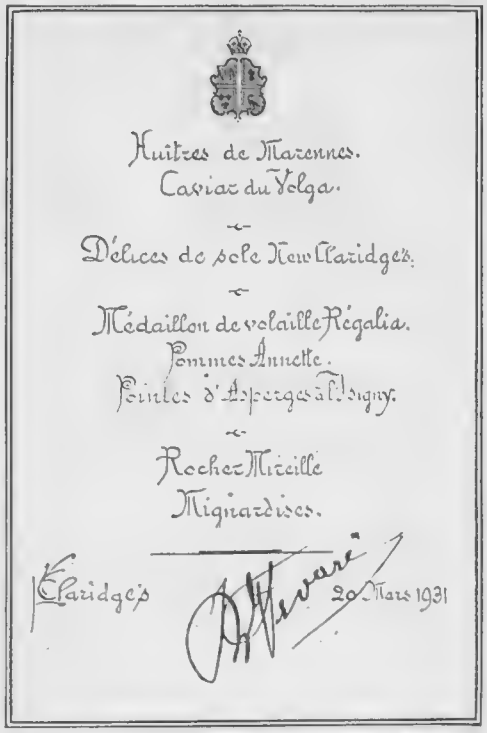
DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Shrimp Cocktails

PUT into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce to which a few drops of Tabasco pepper sauce have been already added.

Sole à la Tour d'Argent

FILLET a fair-sized sole and divide the fillets into eight pieces. Place them in a stewpan with half a pint of white stock and about a dozen and a half button mushrooms, season with salt and a very little cayenne pepper. Place over the fire for ten to fifteen minutes, and when the fish is cooked drain the fillets and place them on a hot dish, arranging the mushrooms on top of them. Then melt 1 oz. of butter in a pan, stir gradually into it 1 oz. of flour; when quite smooth, stir into it 1 gill of cream and the same amount of the stock in which the fish was stewed. Stir until the sauce thickens, but do not let it boil. Pour over the fish and serve.



The menu of a luncheon served in the Grill Room of Claridge's, and signed by M. Vivari, the maître d'hôtel. Claridge's Grill is quiet, intimate and very reasonable in price and is an ideal place for a luncheon or dinner where people can talk without any disturbance

Roast Guinea-Fowl

TAKE a guinea-fowl, lard it well, roast carefully, basting frequently, as it is by nature a very dry bird: dish up garnished with watercress, and serve with Espagnole sauce made as follows: Fry together 1½ oz. of butter and the same of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham; then add gradually half a pint of brown stock, boil all together for fifteen minutes, strain it, add a wineglassful of sherry, boil it up, and serve in a sauce-boat.

Bavaroise à la Mont Ida

PUT six tablespoonfuls of cornflour into a basin and stir till well blended with six tablespoonfuls of water. Stir this into a cup and a half of boiling water, and cook till clear. Meantime, mix a teacupful each of grape-fruit juice and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and a pinch of salt. Add this to the hot cornflour, let it cook a minute or two, then pour upon the stiff-whipped whites of three eggs, beating well. Turn into a wet mould, put on the ice, and serve with cream.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Queen of Scots" Record Run

The L.N.E.R. report that the "Queen of Scots" Pullman Express recently made a record run from Doncaster to King's Cross. The train left Leeds 3 minutes late, and was delayed for an additional 12 minutes on account of engineering operations, but arrived at King's Cross on time. The 186 miles from Leeds to King's Cross were covered in 186 minutes, the 156 miles from Doncaster taking 147 minutes, equal to an average speed of 63.7 m.p.h. for nearly 2½ hours continuously. The train was hauled by locomotive No. 3251, Driver W. Sparshatt and Fireman W. Walsh being in control.

A Singer of Note—and Notes

Mr. Peter Dawson, the bass baritone, was born of Scottish parents, at Adelaide, South Australia, in 1882. He was taken into his father's metal works, but his heart was in music, and he used to practise before 7.30 a.m. and after 6 p.m. When eighteen he attended an open singing competition at Ballarat and won first prize and gold medal for a bass solo. In 1900 he sang the baritone part in Gounod's "Redemption" at a performance given by the Adelaide Choral Society, his first public appearance. So successful was he that he came to England to study under Sir Charles Santley. After three years' hard work Santley was so proud of his pupil that he obtained for him an engagement to tour the West of England with Madame Albani's Concert Party. Peter Dawson was first employed by the Gramophone Company in 1905, and since then he has made thousands of "His Master's Voice" records, of which millions have been sold. In a "His Master's Voice" studio he recently sang four more ballads for the gramophone. Peter Dawson and Mark Hambourg begin their tour of Australia at Brisbane on May 16. They give seventy concerts, and Peter Dawson has a repertoire of a hundred and fifty different numbers, including excerpts from grand opera, oratorio, English art songs, ballads and songs in French, Italian and German. This means that he has twelve separate programmes. It is possible that the tour may be extended to India. To such a high state of perfection have "His Master's Voice" records attained that they accurately record the voices of the great singers and the music of the leading orchestras, and nothing of even the most delicate and sensitive notes is sacrificed in the process. Truly "His Master's Voice" is the medium by which musical talent at its best can enter every home and be welcomed in all corners of the world.

The Victorian Garden car from the Hotel Britannia which secured the First Prize at the Menton Battle of Flowers

Sweets to the Sweet

Many men and nearly every woman possess what is popularly termed a "sweet tooth," and the taste for confectionery from time to time. But just as the man of taste and discrimination would never dream of offering his male friends inferior port or rank cigars, so would he never be guilty of the error of offering inferior chocolates to a woman, for a gift of this nature which is other than the best procurable cannot be enjoyed by anyone who has a real love for the *good* good things of life. Nowadays it is by no means essential to pay exaggerated prices for really good chocolates, for Kunzle Dessert Chocolates can be purchased at the really remarkably low price of 5s. per lb. These chocolates, made of the finest ingredients and in many intriguing varieties, cannot fail to appeal to even the most exacting of palates and prove a gift that never fails to delight the fair recipient. The London headquarters of C. Kunzle, Ltd., is at 101, Regent Street, W.1, where a vast assortment of chocolates may be seen and purchased.

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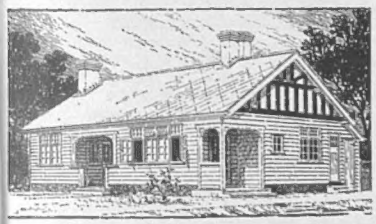

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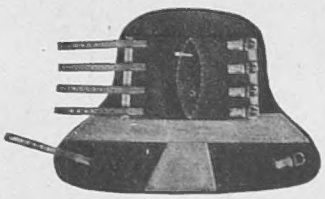

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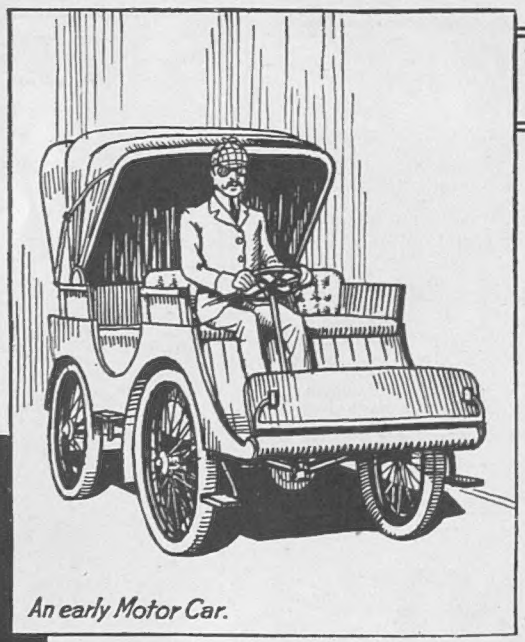

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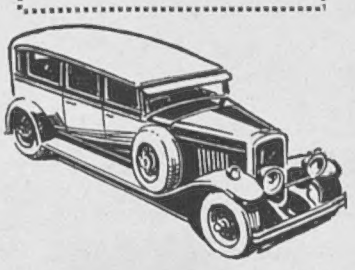

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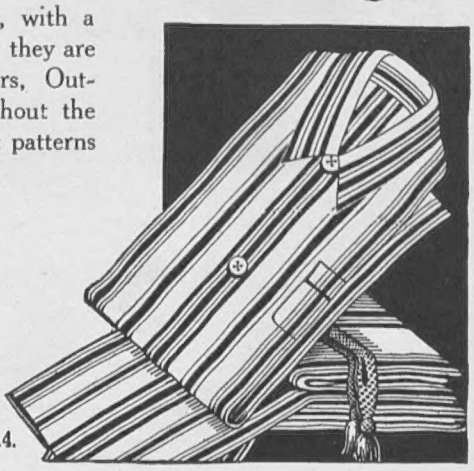

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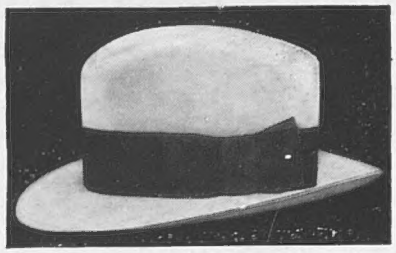

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Sir Edward : "I was not aware that you were represented on Racecourses."

Duggie : "I am represented on every Racecourse by the telegraph office, and my clients can hand in their wires right up to the 'off' and will be paid the full odds as returned by the Tote."

Sir Edward : "Good. Then I'll start at Epsom. By the way, I like a flutter on the daily double, can you manage that ?"

Duggie : "I repeat, Sir Edward, there is no facility the Tote offers which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, all on credit. Daily doubles and doubles on all races in the programme."

Sir Edward : "Then I'll tell my friends that if they have an account with you there is no necessity for their ever being put to the inconvenience of going near the Tote. What a relief—no queuing up to buy Tickets or to cash them."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You

Douglas Stuart

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